

The
London Quarterly
&
Holborn Review

LITERATURE · HISTORY · SOCIOLOGY
RELIGION · THEOLOGY · PHILOSOPHY
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London

THE EPWORTH PRESS

(FRANK H. GUMBERS)

25-35 City Road, London, E.C.1

JANUARY 1953 · PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS NET

THE LONDON QUARTERLY AND HOLBORN REVIEW
is published on 25th March, June, September and December. All contributions (typewritten, if possible) should be sent to the Editor, 25-35 City Road, London, E.C.1, with stamped address envelope.

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Editorial Comments

ELIZABETHAN CORONATION

WHEN Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, was crowned Queen of England, she was twenty-five years of age. No one could have foreseen that she would so govern her people that history would speak with pride of the splendour of the Elizabethan Age.

The Coronation, itself, revealed some of the problems that were dividing the nation. They had been created or intensified in the two previous reigns, for Edward VI had been only a nominal king, and Mary had subordinated English interests to meet the demands of Rome and of Spain. When Elizabeth came to the throne it seemed as though the religious situation could only be met by a policy which might jeopardise existing international relationships.

It was no primrose path along which the young Queen went to be crowned at Westminster. Immediately after Queen Mary's death she realized that she must make no drastic changes until she had felt the pulse of her people. That was why, on the very next day, she issued a proclamation forbidding 'the breach, alteration, or changes of any order or usage presently established.' For a short time she went to Mass as usual. Six weeks later, on Christmas Day, she made her first protest against the accepted Roman ritual. In her private chapel she intimated that she objected to the elevation of the Host. Her chaplain ignored her protest and the Queen walked out. From that moment it seemed clear that she intended to re-establish the Protestant religion.

Though Mass was celebrated at her Coronation, she made a dramatic gesture during the procession—kissing an *English* Bible and clasping it to her breast. The Abbot of Westminster came with his monks to meet her. They were carrying ceremonial candles, and were abashed when the young Queen said brusquely, 'Away with those torches. We can see well enough.'

On Easter Day she received the Communion in both kinds, and, six months after her accession, the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity were passed. Papal authority and the Mass were abolished, and all who were not Papists began to be described as Protestants, a word which had been imported from the Continent.

Many critics maintain that these changes were not due to the operation of the royal conscience nor to deep religious convictions, but were the outcome of a carefully-devised policy. On the one hand there were the Marian bishops whose power the Queen was determined to destroy, and, on the other hand were the Puritans whom she neither understood nor appreciated. Whatever liturgical changes were to be made she was quite definite in her refusal to be dominated by the Pope or by the disciples of Zwingli.

Hers was a complex personality, but one hesitates to accept the judgement of a recent critic who described her as 'a High Church agnostic.' The phrase is, in

itself, ambiguous and is not justified by her actions. For example, it would have been easy for her to assume her father's title as Supreme Head of the Church, but she refused to do so, saying that this 'belonged to Christ alone.'

Just what thoughts filled her mind as she was crowned, no man can say, but the early years of her reign quickly revealed her religious policy. It was so shaped that there was neither a Roman reaction nor a Presbyterian reformation. As Mona Wilson has said: 'The Church which she gave her people was intended to include as many and exclude as few as possible.' This may seem to have been a shallow and, even, unprincipled proceeding, but at least it strengthened national security and prevented the undermining of the royal power.

At the time of her Coronation the Prayer Book of Edward VI was beginning to be used again, and in the Royal Chapel a Litany in English was adopted. Soon afterwards an Elizabethan Liturgy based on the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI with certain important modifications, was introduced. It was a critical moment, but the adjustments had been made so wisely that, in 1559, when the new Book was first used, only 189 clergy out of 9,400 refused to accept it. This was an unexpected triumph for the policy of moderation.

In our democratic world it is difficult to understand how so absolute a monarchy could have led to the spacious splendours of that Elizabethan Age which is, today, so constantly held up as an example and, in a rather loose way, indicated as the goal at which to aim.

The explanation lies, undoubtedly, in the personality of the Queen. She was, as one historian has pointed out, not only the daughter of Henry VIII and the grand-daughter of Henry VII, but she was also the daughter of Anne Boleyn. In her were blended many of the qualities of Henry Tudor and many characteristics of her 'middle-class' mother. Perhaps it was this factor which brought her so close to her people.

In a brilliant analysis of the period, Sir Sidney Lee has shown that, though her reign was infected by most of the vices of absolutism, it had one saving grace—its aim was noble. Theoretically she may have been a despot, but actually she earned the right to be called 'the natural mother of the State.' Speaking in the Council Chamber at Whitehall, shortly before she died, she said: 'I do assure you, that there is no Prince that loveth his Subjects better, or whose Love can countervail our Love; there is no Jewel, be it of never so rich a prize, which I prefer before this Jewel, I mean your Love. . . . And though God hath raised me High, yet this I count the Glory of my Crown, that I have reigned with your Loves.'

That had been the controlling purpose of her life. Her successors failed to hold the loyalty she had inspired, and what seemed benevolent and desirable with 'good Queen Bess' on the throne, became ugly and repellent when she was gone. For forty-four years she had lived for England and the English people. After the triumph of 1588 the climax of her achievement came. The Elizabethan Age stood out as an unforgettable epoch in human history. 'The nation's confidence in its destiny, now that it was freed from imminent peril, gained in intensity,' says Sir Sidney Lee. 'Intellectual and spiritual energy was quickened and moved more rapidly.'

Who can say whether Shakespeare and Bacon, Hooker and Ben Jonson, Drake and Howard, and all such gallant company, would have come to such fullness had Queen Elizabeth been weak or vacillating in that divided world where she wore a

royal crown? It is easy to be cynical at her expense. She was no paragon, and yet she brought her people under the spell of her personality, which a contemporary Frenchman called '*l'esprit d'incantation*.' It was no mean tribute to her greatness that Oliver Cromwell should have referred to her as: 'Queen Elizabeth of famous memory—we need not be ashamed to call her so.'

For nearly fifty years she ruled as an absolute monarch, and won the passionate loyalty of her subjects. Another fifty years passed by, and such sovereignty was ended, perhaps for ever, in England.

Today we anticipate another Elizabethan coronation, but this time in a democratic age. The setting is different, yet there are some similarities. When the young Queen comes to Westminster to be crowned, she will come as the granddaughter of George V and the daughter of George VI—kings whose memory is for ever blessed in the annals of our land. She will come, too, as the daughter of Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, some time Queen of England, but closely linked by ties of blood to the British people themselves.

Though Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II comes to the throne at a time when the security of the whole world is threatened, it is certain that the peoples who acknowledged her as sovereign do so, not only with readiness but with an affection that has never been surpassed in the story of our land. In an unusual intimacy the nation has shared the sorrows of Queen Mary and the Queen-Mother, and now it shares their joy as the young Queen enters into her heritage and accepts her responsibility as privilege.

In this tremendous hour we may help to free not only our land, but all the world from its imminent peril, and achieve new confidence in our destiny. Absolute monarchy, with all its evils, is, in England, a thing of the past. Constitutionally, the sovereignty which Queen Elizabeth II assumes is so strictly limited that Elizabeth Tudor would have scorned to accept it, but she knew little of the spiritual resources on which her Successor may rely. Two generations have handed on their strong and simple faith. They have provided an example of Christian home life at its best. Prayer and the Bible have been words they taught their children to use and understand. These things the first Elizabeth, in her loneliness, never knew. This heritage of faith and home and the love of little children is stronger and more precious than all the powers of despotism. That is why in our hearts we know that the new Elizabethan Age may well outshine the old.

God bless and God guide our gracious Queen.

THE WORTH OF THE INDIVIDUAL

THE Christian religion has always stressed the sacredness of human personality and the worth of every individual. This Christian doctrine of Man is of the utmost importance today when so many attempts are being made to subordinate the individual to the group and to build society on secular and impersonal foundations. To preach purely for the salvation of souls is not necessarily to neglect what is somewhat vaguely called the cause of civilization. In a recent article¹ Gordon Lang, writing of such preachers, said: 'They were promoting a higher conception of personality—a higher one because a spiritual one; and if we figure to ourselves

the hard and arrogant type of man which seems to emerge under the conditions of a Soviet Russia and which may become the representative feature of a technological age, we can hardly doubt that centuries of religion produce a breed that has somewhere more warmth and gentleness.'

The belief that the individual man was born for eternity is essential if one is to accept the principle of Christian charity as set out in the New Testament. Unfortunately, the average Christian, today, does not impress the world as being confident of such high destiny. As Professor Gordon Rupp says in the opening passages of his most valuable book, *Principalities and Powers*:¹ 'You might not like the first Christians, but you had to admit they had a nerve.' One remembers being startled when Dick Sheppard said that a true Christian should be debonnaire. In the deeper meaning of the word he was surely right. The courage of the first Christians was so buoyant that they made it easy to believe in the supreme worth of the individual to God. To them Jesus Christ was in truth the Deliverer who had rescued man from his shameful bonds and routed the dark enemies of sin and death and principalities and powers.

In developing this theme, Professor Rupp says that the modern Christian has lost his nerve, overcome partly by the momentum of the past. It would be unfair to reduce to a few lines the careful and detailed discussion of *History and the Plan of Salvation*, of *the Seed of Good and Evil*, and of *Christian and Secular Eschatology*. The book itself is so condensed that to attempt a synopsis would be to minimise its cumulative power. There are, however, many epigrams which whet one's appetite. 'Western civilization has lost faith in progress, faith in the momentum of good just at the very time when it cannot, if it would, escape the consequences of the dynamic of evil.' . . . 'We can make sense of that part of our history of which we are victims only if we recognize that other part of which we are villains. And perhaps only those who see over and against the world one like unto the Son of man, their Conqueror and their King, can face all the facts about men and the world.'—With such a belief Professor Rupp does face the facts and he faces them with an enthusiasm and a courage which completely robs the 'principalities and powers' of their capacity to terrify. Like Francis of Assisi, this modern troubadour of God seems to sing and smile as he lays about him in the thickest of the fight.

In the last two chapters of this short but fascinating book he talks about an Optimism of Grace and its consequences 'for believers fighting!' The pessimism of grace which held that the good God wished to save 'a tiny handful' of men led to grim theories of mankind as a whole. The optimism of nature which was a product of rationalist philosophies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries denied the fact of sin, the need of grace and redemption, and with forced gaiety declared that Reason would eventually deliver man from his troubles. This, too, failed to reveal either dignity or worth in the individual personality. There was, however, a return to an optimism of grace, in the eighteenth century, when the Wesleys and their associates proclaimed God's plan of salvation for every man.

In discussing the Methodist Revival, Professor Rupp stresses two qualities which reflect Evangelical Arminianism. The first was 'an evangelical passion which moved out to the neglected and the under-privileged,' and the second 'the ethical transformation of innumerable individuals and of whole communities.'

There is, however, 'no Christian optimism which will permit the Church to forget the theme of Judgement Day, and that the judgement within history is

related to the ultimate and eschatological righteousness of God.' In all our swift appraisals of human effort we seem 'so slow to allow for the strategy of God.'

When, at the end of his interpretation and argument, Professor Rupp returns to his original question as to what nerved the first Christians to fight so fearlessly and confidently against the principalities and powers, his answer is quite definite: 'They knew they lived in a world where Christ sat at the right hand of God, and in which the spirit of God moved abroad.'

He ends by saying 'I am sure the same confidence must be ours, and that in our day Christian men and women can act as centres of confidence where others are giving way to fatalism and despair.' Those who read this book may catch something of the brave spirit of its writer, who seeing all the dangers, refuses to see fear.

LESLIE F. CHURCH.

¹ *European Review*, No. 25, pp. 18-19, 1s. 6d.

² *Principalities and Powers*, E. Gordon Rupp - Epworth Press, 7s. 6d.

Articles

THE MYSTERY OF MOLINOS

MOLINOS is one of the enigmas of religious history. He has been regarded by many as an Antinomian and a Tartuffe, while others have praised him as a great mystic teacher and a much-maligned man. Even after two and a half centuries the most divergent views are expressed as to his character and conduct.

Miguel de Molinos was born at Muniessa, near Saragossa, in 1628. He studied and was ordained at Valencia (1646-52), ministering there until 1663, when he went to Rome. There he acquired a high reputation as a director of consciences and guide to the spiritual life. Cardinal Benedict Odescalchi, afterwards Pope Innocent XI, showed his esteem by giving him lodgings in the Vatican. Cardinal d'Estrées, the representative of Louis XIV in the city, approved of his teaching, though afterwards he was one of the principal agents in securing his downfall. Queen Christiana of Sweden, who was then living in Rome, took him as her director. Molinos's *Guida Spirituale* (1675), preceded by numerous prefatory eulogies by high ecclesiastics, went into many Spanish and Italian editions, and by 1688 had been translated into four other languages. Societies for the study of his method were formed everywhere. According to Bishop Burnet, Molinos had more than twenty thousand followers in Naples alone.

Opposition to Molinos came first from the Jesuits. They were not unanimous in their hostility, for two of them, Martin Esparza and Appiani, were among his most fervent admirers. There has always been a 'right wing' of the Society who taught and practised the mystic way. But the predominant section saw in Molinos's teaching an ultimate danger to the Church. Accordingly his doctrines were attacked in print by two of their number, P. Bell 'Uomo in 1678 and P. Segneri, an eloquent preacher, in 1681. They were supported by Cardinal Caracciolo the Archbishop of Naples, who in a letter to the Pope in 1682 complained that many in his diocese who practised the passive form of prayer had given up their rosaries, had abandoned the use of images including the crucifix, and that the practice of daily Communion was increasing among them. The disturbance produced by these writings was so great that the Inquisition intervened, and appointed a commission to examine Molinos's book and also a book by Petrucci, one of his friends and admirers. The result of the inquiry was that Segneri's book was condemned, while the writings of Molinos and Petrucci were pronounced by the Inquisition to be in agreement with the faith of the Church, and with Christian morality. Petrucci was made Bishop of Jesi, and the teachings of Molinos spread with even greater waves of success.

But the Jesuits were determined not to let the victory rest with one whom they regarded as a dangerous heretic, and they appealed to Louis XIV, who had a Jesuit confessor, Père la Chaise. The King was induced to bring pressure to bear on the Pope, who referred the matter once more to the Inquisition. Louis' intervention was effectual. In May 1685 Molinos and Petrucci were summoned before the Inquisition, and the former was thrown into prison. He was kept there for nearly two years until the excitement caused by his arrest had died down. Meanwhile reports spread abroad that letters written by him to those under his direction, and other writings, permitted immoral actions, and that he himself admitted improper

conduct; and the populace, whose hero he had been, clamoured for his condemnation and death. The Investigation took place in February 1687. At length it was announced that Molinos had confessed his sins and was willing to abjure his doctrines. The public recantation took place in the Church of Sta Maria sopra Minerva on 3rd September 1687, and was accompanied with all the pomp of ecclesiastical procedure. An eye-witness, Estrennot, wrote: 'When one of the fathers of St Dominic read an abstract of the trial it was observed that the face of Molinos while this lasted, about three hours, as when he entered and left, was full of contempt and abhorrence, especially at the commotion of the people, who when they heard an account of his greater villainies shouted, "Fuoco!"' But Molinos's words after his conviction suggest that his recantation was not due to a conviction of his own error. 'Good-bye, father,' he said to the Dominican who accompanied him to the little vaulted cell which was to be his abode for the rest of his life. 'We shall meet again at the Judgement Day, and then it will be seen whether the truth was on your side or mine.' No more is known about his fate. In 1694 it was rumoured that he was dead, but four years later it was announced authoritatively that he had died on 29th December in profound penitence for his errors and in full communion with the Church. Others, however, said his death was due to poison. Meanwhile the circulation of the *Guide* was forbidden; sixty-eight Propositions purporting to be drawn from the writings of Molinos and the declarations of his followers were condemned by the Inquisition, then by the Pope; and persons known to be attached to him or in sympathy with his teaching were hunted down throughout Spain and Italy.

The book which makes the strongest indictment of Molinos is *Le Quiétiste Espagnol*, by the Reverend Father Dudon (1921). In the Preface Molinos is stigmatized as 'a rascal who laid claim to spirituality, but who indulged in the most abject sensuality'. This charge is supported by quotations from the dispatches of Cardinal d'Estrées, the representative of Louis XIV, who was one of the judges at the trial. According to the Cardinal, Molinos was convicted of 'acts so unseemly that modesty forbids one to describe them, but which must not be passed over in silence'. There follows a list of indecent actions on his part, with 'exhortations to believe that there was no sin in them'. It is asserted that detailed testimonies of such actions were given by an accomplice, and confirmed by a woman who said that Molinos had taken liberties with her when she was in his service. 'From the frequency and persistency of such acts', says Father Dudon, 'they must have been a habit for years. No doubt Molinos was a more or less abnormal sensualist; but his moral responsibility cannot be doubted. There must have been a time when he willed the evil which he saw to be such.' In regard to doctrine Father Dudon alleges that Molinos admitted teaching that a demon may have such irresistible command over the outward self (*membres*) that exterior actions such as anger, hatred, blasphemy, and impurity, can take place without the tempted one being in any way responsible for a disorder of which his body is the theatre, but in which his soul has no part. This was asserted by forty witnesses, including priests, nuns, and married and unmarried women. Molinos gave these directions verbally and in writing. His letters were produced at the Tribunal, and he acknowledged their authenticity. 'The transformation of the saints in heaven is shared by the contemplatives below. They may seem to commit sin, but they do not really sin, even if in the eyes of the vulgar they seem to violate the principles of the Decalogue and the

Church.' Father Dudon concludes that 'though the asceticism of Molinos seems to be a refinement of abnegation it is really a refinement of vice'. This view of the guilt of Molinos has been generally held by Roman Catholic writers. Mme Guyon was condemned because her teaching savoured of that of Molinos; and the doctrines associated with his name have always been condemned by the Roman Catholic Church. Monsignor Ronald Knox in his recent volume *Enthusiasm* thinks that Molinos's doctrinal aberrations led to moral degeneracy.

A very different view has prevailed in Protestant and reformed circles. Bishop Burnet was travelling in Italy at the time when the agitation about Molinos was at its height; and in his *Three Letters Concerning the Present State of Italy relating to Molinos and the Quietists*, published in 1687, he described the affair from information supplied to him by 'two men of probity and sense'. In the course of his letters the Bishop reveals pretty clearly his own opinion that Molinos was a good man whose downfall had been compassed by the machinations of a corrupt clergy who saw that they would lose their living if his plain and simple method of devotion were generally adopted. According to the Bishop the Abjuration was evidently a pretence: and the fact that the hypocrisy of Molinos was not mentioned in the Bull which condemned his teaching seemed to show that he had been calumniated. Burnet even passed on a strange story about the Pope being charged with heresy for his reluctance to silence this dangerous Quietist. The story was evidently an exaggeration, but it does suggest that some outside pressure had been brought to bear upon Innocent XI to induce him to change his attitude to Molinos. Burnet's opinion had a great influence in Britain. An English translation of the greater part of the *Guide* appeared in 1688 and another in 1689. John Wesley included an abridgement of the *Guide* in his *Christian Library*, omitting however, the sections of it which he considered dangerous, and altering some of its mystical expressions into more scriptural ones. The teaching of Molinos has always appealed to the Society of Friends. During the persecution, some of his followers had come to live with English Quakers, who quickly realized the affinities of his doctrine with their belief in the Inward Light. Professor R. M. Jones, in his *Later Periods of Quakerism*, shows that Molinos's influence was felt even in America; and from 1843 *The Guide To True Peace*, by William Backhouse, put extracts from his book into many hands. Among other recent translations of the *Guide*, one by Dugald Macfayden is dedicated to the Society of Friends. Mrs Kathleen Lyttleton's edition of *The Spiritual Guide*, with a Foreword by Canon Scott Holland, was published in 1907, and has lately been reprinted. Mrs Lyttleton threw her heart into the preparation of this book during the last years of her life, and it contains the most complete account in English of the career of Molinos, and a sympathetic discussion of his teaching. Her conclusion is that 'the sixty-eight Propositions contain a representation of Molinos's teaching which is for the most part so great a perversion as to be a lying caricature', and 'there is no proof whatever that the charges against him were warranted, or that his life in any way gave occasion to them'.

The belief that Molinos was harshly treated is gaining ground even among Roman Catholic authorities. Father Paquier in his articles on Molinos and Innocent XI in the *Dictionnaire de Theologie Catholique* (1928), while maintaining that the doctrine of Molinos led to moral disorders, expresses doubts about the validity of the charges against his personal character. He tells of the affection for Molinos felt by his servants. When he was arrested one of them exclaimed, '*Il est digne des*

autels'; and even Cardinal d'Estrées said that when the carriage came to take him to prison his valets put on his shoes, cast themselves on the ground, and kissed his feet. Some of the depositions made at the trial seem to have been obtained by torture. The evidence of the woman who made the most damaging charges, as it has been preserved to us, contains some strange testimony; e.g. '*Velle mulierem illum non raro mingentem aspicere*.' 'In Italy, and especially the Italy of that day, was it difficult to procure a spectacle of this kind? There do not seem to have been any intimate relations between the woman and the doctor.' Father Paquier dwells on the difficulty of obtaining exact information about the Trial. When he applied for permission to consult documents which might throw light on some mysterious circumstances connected with it he was refused access to them. While therefore the relevant documents are locked up in the archives of the Holy Office 'the judgement on Molinos's conduct must remain provisional'. Other recent research has given further proof of the reluctance of Innocent XI to condemn Molinos, and of Father Duden's omission of documents relevant to the Trial.¹

Two principal objections have been made to the doctrine of the *Spiritual Guide*. First, Molinos is represented as teaching the Indefectibility of those who have reached a certain stage of Contemplation, on the strength of such passages as; 'The soul that has obtained satiety . . . has the sure hope and confidence that it can never lose God or be separated from Him.' (Thus Mrs Herman in her article 'Quietism' in the *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*.) But similar language was used by St Paul in the famous passage beginning; 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' (Romans 8, . . .). The apostle is expressing his assurance that nothing can prevail against the sovereign Love which holds the Christian who is united to it. But this does not mean indefectibility. The ethical parts of St Paul's epistles show that certain moral qualities are necessary for those who would continue in the love of God. Likewise, Molinos in his Preface to the *Guide* warns readers that the way of Contemplation is only for those who 'keep the senses and passions well mortified'; and these warnings are repeated throughout the book (e.g. section 26, p.79, and section 42, p.84). The second objection really arises from the first. It is that Molinos encouraged moral laxity by his teaching that when the soul had reached a certain level of elevation the disorders of the senses are to be regarded as the vain temptations of demons. Probably Molinos's avowal of this teaching led to the charges of corrupt doctrine made by Cardinal d'Estrées in his account of the Trial, and which have been re-echoed by Roman Catholic historians until the time of Monsignor Knox's *Enthusiasm*. Yet for many ages great Catholic theologians spoke of spontaneous movements in which the will has no part and which are not blameworthy. St Thomas Aquinas taught that for us to be responsible there must be the really human act, that is to say the act in which our intelligence and will take part. It may be that some who claimed to be followers of Molinos tore passages of the *Guide* from their context and made them an excuse for licentiousness; but the teachings of the greatest Christian mystics have been similarly perverted by those who could not or would not understand them. Even the writings of St Paul contained things which 'the ignorant and unstable twist to their own destruction'.

It must be admitted that Molinos made light of some of the regular observances of the Church. He did not attach much importance to vocal prayers; he even allowed his disciples to omit communal prayers such as the Breviary; and they were not compelled to make much preparation for Communion or give thanks for

it. It must also be admitted that he was rather hard on those who did not follow in his way. He said that those who use the method of Meditation and ascetic discipline 'do not make so much as a single step toward (Perfection), as experience shows in the case of many who after fifty years of this external exercise, are void of God, and full of themselves, having nothing of spirituality, but just the name of such'. This is discouraging to those who seek the kingdom of God by thought and self-discipline; and it is not true; for many who have thus sought have found. But such statements may be excused when they come from the zealous advocates of great causes. The truth is, as Mrs Lyttleton so justly says, that 'there are two ways of drawing near to God, and according to temperament some will choose one way and some another. Both have their joys and their dangers; neither is complete without some touch of the other.' Molinos did good in stressing the need for contemplation. 'Rest is necessary for the soul as well as the body; rest in which the forces of grace refresh and recreate the soul. This rest cannot be obtained by employing the soul in various spiritual activities. Just as the body needs sleep in order to recruit its energies, so does the soul require a silent resting in the presence of God.'

The doctrine of Molinos had been approved by the chief theologians of the Church after careful examination. Why then was it afterwards condemned? We do not know. We are given no information about the interrogations during his two years' imprisonment, or the treatment of the prisoner, or the letters giving the motives for the condemnation, or the quality of the witnesses at the Trial, or the responses of the accused, or the state of his health. We have the testimony of an eye witness as to his demeanour at the public Recantation; and his final appeal to the justice of God and man suggests that his confidence in his doctrine and teaching remained unshaken. So the mystery of Molinos remains unsolved. If the documents relative to the Trial which are now locked up in the archives of the Vatican were given to the world, we might gain further light on it.

HENRY HOGARTH

¹ Dr Jean Orcibal, in *Louis XIV contre Innocent XI* (1949), note to p. 9 and note 177; and Guarnieri Romana, in *Rivista di Storia della Chiesa Italia* (1951), No. 3, p. 400. *Continence et mystique* (special number of *Études carmelitaines* (1952) contains a chapter on Molinos by Father Pierre Debonguie, who makes use of a document cited by Father Dudon. This document gives no proof of immoral relations or intentions on the part of Molinos.

ON THE VALUE OF HEBREW

TO EVERY Christian minister the fact that the New Testament is built on the Old, and grows out of it, gives an importance to Hebrew, that cannot be easily estimated, and especially in dealing with the Jews. For however we may ignore the fact we cannot deal with the great religions of the world without a sane and thorough appreciation of what makes them of value to the educated and serious members of those who hold by them, and refuse to accept the Christian faith. A Brahmin of Benares, a Mohammedan of Cairo, a Confucian of Peking, compel you to study the language in which are embedded his fundamental ideas on morals and religion, and it is equally true that if you would deal as you must with the Jew, the same discipline in linguistics must be observed. No one can read the Hibbert Lectures on the evolution of the Jewish faith by C. G. Montefiore, for instance without being impressed by the appeal for fairness and true understanding of the Jews' position and beliefs. It is no use for a Christian to take for text 'the fear of Isaac' and from it deduce the superiority of his faith by suggesting that it is fundamentally founded on love. For the Jew immediately perceives that the reverence that the use of the word 'fear' in Hebrew implies has no implication that love is inconsistent with it. The simplicity of his Hebrew tongue gives a wider range to what the word implies than the Christian thinks who does not know the Jews' wonderful tongue. The man who thinks in English is bound by the limitations of his usages in language, and must become a child again in dealing with the language of another race and its ideas. Pitfalls are plentiful in every tongue to those who are not bred in it from birth, as every tyro in a new tongue soon discovers. Words and phrases cover extents of meaning that are incommensurable, and serve only the purposes of tricksters in logomachy.

As in the New Testament it is necessary to gain a knowledge of Greek idiom, and the student is obliged to gain familiar acquaintance with the grammars, lexicons, and concordances appropriate to the subject, so must he do in regard to the Old Testament; and in that case, he has the harder subject, belonging as does Hebrew, with its attendant Chaldee, to a very different type of linguistic expression from Greek of any kind, Homeric, Attic, or other. Yet, it is sure that a man can clear his shelves of a multitude of books if his acquaintance is with Hebrew dictionaries, concordances, and grammars which are of the best in the market. Kautsch's Edition of *Gesenius*, Mandelkern's *Concordance*, and the *Oxford Hebrew Lexicon*, with Sweet's *Septuagint* and a *Vulgate*, will suffice for an attempt at exegesis that will be hard to unsettle.

Hebrew opens a new world to a man, as did Chapman's Homer to Keats, making him think of the Spaniards' first sight of the Pacific in Darien. It is so packed, so simple, so vivid, so utterly unique, emancipating the mind from the categories of thought that our own language at first helps us with, but at the long last, if we trust too much to it, entangles us in, making us the slaves of Celticism or Teutonicism, or classicism, whether Roman or Greek. What should be in it that men, even graduates in the arts, or divinity, drop Hebrew altogether, if they have learnt anything of it, when they have done with their probation. Surely they must have been mistaught, and never gained a free use of its grammatical forms, and never given a clear insight into its modes of syntax. What a flood of light comes in with a free use of the *Oxford Lexicon*, and the big Mandelkern, especially with W. R. Smith's

Religion of the Semits, Montefiore's *Lectures*, and the *Arabian Deserta* of the Master of Smith and Lawrence, and whose ashes lie in Golder's Green Garden of Remembrance, Doughty. Some day the collected essays of W. R. Smith in the ninth Edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* on Semitic Subjects will give the world of English theology a *vade mecum* to grace every manse bookshelves, and attend the preacher in his journeys.

What a story the working of God in history presents as it is traced in the packed pemmican of Hebrew song and prophecy, or in the golden prose of Samuel. No translation can give what lies there. One man in this passage, and another in that, will hit off the situation with a clever English parallel, or if it be daring, untamed Moffatt, with a Scotch one; but the music of one tongue is never that of another; the scales vary, and in the transmutation something is always lost. Take the Hebrew use of the substantive for completing the predicate instead of the adjective; or its further wondrous advance beyond even that—eliding the copula altogether, and juxtaposing two substantives for a whole sentence, leaving the imagination to fill the space. Who can give in any tongue, at any rate of the West, anything like it, except when minds are heated to Semitic vulcanisms? A Jew says of his enemy: 'His mouth—butter; his heart—war; his words—oil; no; swords unsheathed'. What could be better? But an English orator would be 'far ben' with his subject, a furnace heated seven times ere he got there. (I can only think of Shakespeare's opening to Antony and Cleopatra: 'News from Rome, my lord!' And Antony replies to the messenger: 'Grates me: the sum'). And as to the Jew's praying, how does he express it? In two words. Imagine the intensity of the man who coined: 'I—prayer.' You see the strained, still soul lost in the agony of a great appeal, oblivious of all in a great adoration. 'Praise is silent to Thee, O God, in Zion.' And it is matched by St Paul's description of the Holy Spirit's 'wordless' intercession—a groan, that prevails, thank God.

How a knowledge of Hebrew and an exact comparison of our present Massoretic text with the wonderful Septuagint, that presents to us a translation from a text a thousand years older than the oldest Hebrew codex that now exists, would dispel the absurd extravaganzas that pass current as to the sacro-sanctity of verbalisms.

An insight into the wonderful mobility of the Hebrew verb, especially in its modalities, is a thing to be prized for its own sake: One has only to read the Law and the Psalms, comparing them in Hebrew and in Septuagintal Greek. And of course a man who does so much will read fretful Jerome's wonderful Vulgate too.

But what will that mean? He will be beguiled, will he, into the world of Virgil and Aeschylus, Plato and Homer. Philip will be thundered at by Demosthenes, and Chrysostom will correct for him Moffatt. Three civilizations, Semitic, Greek, and Roman, will open to him. Nor will Methodism be any the worse, nor will he. Breadth, sanity, freedom, a larger air will insensibly ensue, he will not be the victim of cliqueism in thought and action, to the same degree as he might have been. Knowledge frees: ignorance cripples. The earliest Methodists had Walsh and Clarke and Benson, among them. Asbury will wear the night into morning when he haps on a Jew that can help him with his Hebrew Bible. And by the grace of God he beholds before he dies a Methodism turned from a thousand to 218,000, and his ten ministers to 700. The lure of the perfect is irresistible, as long as man is made in the image of God; and those who attempt the highest and the best convert by what they are and do, yes, by the very manner of it.

Moving about among Jews, some full of despair, and some having lost their practical faith, it is of great value to have any effective knowledge of the Hebrew text of scripture. In an instant the atmosphere changes, at the sound of the great commandment on the unity of the Deity and the obligation to listen to Him and to love Him with all our powers; or to recite the first five verses of Genesis, thundering forth the creative will of God. The old refugee Rabbi, in broken English, will be moved to tell of his unutterable grief and gain some cheer—'they have killed my brother and my wife, and six million of my people'. And the man of the world among them, will find some solace, and gain fresh hope, that after all life consists not in the abundance of the things he possesses. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and 'manners makyth man', and those two ideas unite Jerusalem and Winchester: Jew and English alike. From that you can go on to deal with Moses and with Him who is like him, and the Fulfiller and Completion of all that he ever thought and was.

The preparation for the ministry of this new age demands the perfect in every way.

JAMES LEWIS

RABBI DR SIR HERMANN GOLLANCZ and HIS PLEA FOR RELIGIOUS UNITY

'HAVE we not all one father? hath not one God created us?' This quotation from the Book of Malachi forms a grand finale to the Old Testament. It is so universally known to students of the Bible to be fairly common place. Judging by the state of the world today its practical application has been luke-warm.

Rabbi Dr Sir Hermann Gollancz was one of the foremost orthodox Jews of his generation to rub shoulders spiritually with many of the eminent Christian divines of his age. The idea of *rapprochement* between the two leading great monotheistic creeds came naturally to him. It was not a false emotion resulting from the desire to kill intolerance or to lose any of his own specific dogmatic colouring. Inasmuch as he never became Chief Rabbi of the British Empire, his deep understanding of the Christian standpoint and his contribution to it, was not part of a social convention.

On 13th February, 1922 many of the leading newspapers published extracts of his sermon preached at the Bayswater Synagogue after fifty years' ministry there. This edifice, socially and ecclesiastically important in the Rabbi's community, lay within a stone's throw of Westbourne Park Chapel where preached the noted Baptist Pastor, Dr John Clifford, between whom and the Rabbi true neighbourliness existed.

Concerning the fruits of this association, more anon.

Dr Gollancz's sermon on that occasion breathed fervently of the spirit of tolerance which has done so much to advance the best interests of theology. It was quoted in these newspapers as of great general interest that he spoke to this effect. 'The dearest aim of ministers should be to meet men of other denominations that leaders of thought might enlighten one another on many problems. It was lamentable that religion or rather the religious system formed a barrier between man and

man—a stout wall dividing off one fellow creature from another. Ministers of religion should preach that the true aim of religion was not to separate men but to unite them. We should work hand in hand on one common platform in matters in which we could all agree so that misconception and misrepresentations, more especially as regards religious doctrine and practice, should not poison the well-spring of mutual good-will and useful co-operation among those who are ministers of God, those to whom we look to for guidance and instruction. It is not to perpetuate narrow-mindedness and exclusiveness but to infuse liberality of heart and thought; the aim of true religion is to supply the silken cord, the tender tie, the all-embracing band which shall so knit all men's hearts together that they may come to regard themselves as brothers, children of one common father, working even although along distant roads to the same goal. The uplift and betterment of society, the idea of holy living and holy doing, the broadening of the spirit of humanity tending to the peace and progress of the world.'

Dr Gollancz carried this doctrine into practice and if his views had been more widely adopted there would have been no need for the existence of so many societies to promote good feeling between those who held different beliefs. He believed that he served his own community best not by a thinning down of his distinctive *credo*; but by a humanitarian contribution beneficial to the dominant faith which enriched his own at the same time. It was a privilege to be written of as 'one who loved his fellow men' regardless of his tenets. As Dr Clifford stated in his letter of regret at not being present at the Jubilee gathering where this sermon was preached in 1922: 'Most sincerely do I wish I could join in the happy and interesting gatherings of Saturday. They commemorate a great ministry, high ideals, faithfully followed, devotion to the causes of righteousness and justice, freedom and progress, and a really faithful service to men. I unite with all your friends in thanksgivings to God for your unstinted work for the Kingdom of God.' The letter culminated in happy expressions of good-will and personal memories of conversations on literature, social and religious themes, and universal brotherhood. Dr Clifford wrote these words in the evening of his life and it is interesting to quote generously from a lecture delivered by Gollancz at one of the Sunday evening socials held at Westbourne Park Chapel in 1913. It was entitled: 'Moses Mendelssohn, Lessing, and Lavater—a Lesson in Toleration.'

In such a survey as this the Rabbi's quotation from John Locke's *Letter Concerning Toleration*, written in 1689, must be transported from the body of his address in its entirety. Certainly orthodox or traditionally minded Jews have not appreciated always that the great Christian ideal is religious tolerance. A theologian such as Dr Claude Montefiore was of course on a different plane from one like Dr Gollancz, who breathed the very essence of the old Judaism in his outlook. Therefore his citation from Locke is most pertinent for Christians and Jews alike. 'The toleration of those that differ from others in matters of religion is so agreeable to the Gospel . . . and to the genuine reason of mankind that it seems monstrous for men to be so blind as not to perceive the necessity and advantage of it in so clear a light. . . . That any man should think fit to cause another man, whose salvation he heartily desires, to expire in torments, and that even in an unconverted state, would, I confess, seem very strange to me, and I think to any other also (p.4). . . . What I say concerning the mutual toleration of private persons differing in religion, I understand also of particular churches (p.15). Nay, if we may openly

speak the truth, and as becomes one man to another, neither Pagan nor Mahometan nor Jew ought to be excluded from the civil rights of the Commonwealth because of his religion. The gospel commands no such thing. The Church, which judges not those that are without, wants it not. And the Commonwealth, which embraces indifferently all men that are honest, peaceable, and industrious, requires it not. Shall we suffer a Pagan to deal and trade with us, and shall we not suffer him to pray unto and worship God? If we allow the Jews to have private houses and dwellings amongst us, why should we not allow them to have synagogues? But if these things may be granted to Jews and Pagans, surely the condition of any Christians ought not to be worse than theirs in a Christian Commonwealth.'

The address as a whole consists of a panegyric on the friendship existing between the conscientious Moses Mendelssohn and the conscientious Christian Jew Ephraim Lessing which he compares with the example of David and Jonathan. Their mutual attitude was dominated by the over-zealous Christian clergyman Lavater—so diametrically opposed to him. One might say that Lavater took the part of Saul in his obscurantist behaviour toward his two mutual acquaintances. Christian and Jewish denominations alike have produced many of this fanatical breed and such people have obscured the light from two faiths instead of kindling one radiant light. In the interests of theology it is for both creeds to strive for unity. In Dr Gollancz's own words: 'Tolerance is the refinement of religion.' Furthermore, he expresses it in speaking of these eighteenth-century characters that one must deplore this method of 'turning a handful of weak or bad Jews into weaker or worse Christians,' and he adds the trenchant phrase, 'the best spirits of the world can never look upon such conduct with savour, they recoil from it; and the utterances of the German Christian dramatist and author, as well as those of the German Jewish philosopher, leave no doubt as to what is their opinion concerning man's duty to hold and respect, even while differing, not only from the views of others in the ordinary aspects of daily life, but especially their views in the domain of higher thought and action, that of religion.'

More than ever today is it essential for the good theologian to 'grapple to his soul with hoops of steel' that message enshrined in the account of the powerful bond which united Lessing and Mendelssohn: which advocated the relationship between the adherents of true Judaism and true Christianity in the interests of human progress and human betterment.

Moreover, relating to the general Christian standpoint Gollancz concludes in these words: 'How true religion may express itself in the world, has been splendidly taught by Lessing in his famous drama, *Nathan der Weise*, which has been called "one of the noblest pleas for toleration ever penned".'

One does not want to emphasize the Lavater-Mendelssohn episode. Enough has been said to depict how the positive standpoints of the doctors Clifford and Gollancz are more valuable from a constructive angle in the theological edifice. and thus ends the address, the beginning of which is a rejoicing that the 'mutual confidence between men' has been made possible, 'as', says the Rabbi, 'my very presence here among you emphasizes the theme of my remarks tonight. . . . In bringing my remarks to a close, I do not think that I could choose any more apposite words than those occurring toward the end of a second letter sent by Mendelssohn to Lavater; for, I take it, they thoroughly express the views entertained by all right-thinking people in every age and every country: "The truths

which we recognize and espouse in common are not yet sufficiently current that we may promise ourselves any important benefit from a public discussion of the points on which we do not yet agree. What a happy world we should live in if all men espoused and carried into practice those holy truths in which the good Christian joins with the good Jew! May the Lord hasten those happy days in which no one shall hurt or destroy, for the whole earth shall be full of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; the day of which it is written: 'And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know Me, saith the Lord, from the least of them unto the greatest of them.' " With this aspiration I fervently conclude, adding in the words of Malachi; "Have we not all one Father, hath not one God created us?" "

It is fitting to mention that when occurred the Jubilee of Dr Clifford's ministry, Rabbi Dr Gollancz presented him with an address in Hebrew, the composition forming an acrostic on his name. One cannot leave such a picturesque theological relationship without quoting a few lines of the English translation. It is entitled: 'Friendship's Tribute.'

Fine as a preacher, fine in practising what he utters,
His congregation and the band of his associates and colleagues all,
On the day of his birth and the joy of his heart
Rejoice and are glad with song and the voice of thanksgiving,
Their mouths full of praise and full of exulting.

Although Gollancz was destined to come into closer contact with John Clifford than others of his Christian co-religionists, it is pleasant to mention one or two further cases of happy unity.

The *Baptist Times and Freeman* of 9th July, 1920 describes vividly the jubilee of Dr Meyer. It was the occasion when he bade farewell to Christ Church, Westminster, and we read thus: "Then in a few finely chosen collects, the Rev. Canon Ottley offered prayer, after which Rabbi Dr Hermann Gollancz read from the Old Testament some significant appropriate passages. It is not too much to say, one rarely hears the Scriptures read so effectively; the Rabbi has a fine voice, and he read as one who thoroughly understood the full meaning of the words. It seemed as though one were hearing them for the first time, they had a new ring about them. . . ."

It is not necessary to touch on all Gollancz's associations of this nature. It would be outside the realms of theology, too, if one dwelt on his more universal activities. But his obituary on Dr Boyd-Carpenter ends on a gracious note in this harmonious symphony. Here are some significant passages. 'By his life work, the late Bishop recognized that there were "Permanent Elements in Religion", where all the externals that are mundane and of man's making, fall away. . . . If ever eloquence reached its highest heights—an eloquence which could only have welled forth from a heart full of righteous indignation and real sympathy, it was the late Bishop's thrilling speech at the public meeting in the Guildhall, on 10th December, 1890, convened by the Lord Mayor of London to express public opinion upon the treatment of the Jews in Russia. Its tones rang through the hall, and its echoes have not yet, nigh thirty years' since, died away from the grateful hearts of Jew and humanist, who, like myself, listened to those impassioned

accents. How prophetic his concluding phrases, viewed in relation to the momentous events of to-day! "Are we to banish the teaching of Christ", he exclaimed, "into the region of academic discussion, or are we to make it an actual law for life, and endeavour to put it into practice? . . ."

Human associations have been stressed to bring out forcibly the finest truths in Christianity and its attitude to Judaism. Rarely had exponents arrived so near the golden ideal which Dr Mary Scharlieb describes in a letter to Dr Gollancz as 'the time when we shall all be one in our method of worship'. She admitted that this time had not arrived, so that 'God looked with pleasure on any mutual love amongst all his children'.

When Rabbi Dr Gollancz was knighted in 1923, the Bishop of Birmingham wrote as follows: 'I do not know any man who has done more in quiet work to develop a noble, religious citizenship than yourself.' It is this idea of religious citizenship which is the main basis of our theme. It is one of the great tenets of true Christianity as well as of true Judaism.

Now to touch on something more concrete. Amongst Gollancz's most important works, from the Church's point of view, is a book entitled *Chronicle of Events between the years 1629 and 1733, relating to the Settlement of the Order of Carmelites in Mesopotamia (Basora-Basrah). A contribution to the History of Christian Missions in the East.*

Both the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Vatican paid great tribute to it. And Archbishop Randall Davidson acknowledged that it was new ground for him. In this work, translated from the Latin in 1928, Rabbi Dr Sir Hermann Gollancz satisfied his veneration for learning and for exposing any form of persecution, whether of his own co-religionists, or of others. One criticism of this new, rare work, said: 'Missions are by nature proselytizing.'

A passage in the book itself, translated from the monkish Latin by Gollancz, indicates the best method of making proselytes of people whose scruples have been outraged by those whose tenets they are to embrace. Enough has been written in the hope that one, who was so much loved by the great Christian churchmen of his day, may not be forgotten entirely in this generation. It would be unfortunate in the interests of theology if one who rose high above purely sectarian bonds should not be remembered as one of the great advocates of religious unity. To quote Newman Hall, when seconding Rabbi Gollancz at a Lambeth meeting: 'We have all sat at the feet of the Rabbis': and Rabbi Gollancz treasured this saying as a compliment to his people amidst all the worldly honours that the outside world showered upon him.

OLGA SOMECH PHILLIPS

PRANGINS, A MORAVIAN SCHOOL

A Sequel to Königsfeld

ABOUT the year 1480, a weather-beaten wayfarer was travelling along the crest of the Jura mountains, and had reached the view of the Lake of Geneva. For his dress and general appearance you must study *The Cloister and the Hearth*, whose hero, Gerard, was making for Rome about that time. But our wayfarer was on foot for the Mediterranean shore. He was one of the Genoese archers, mercenaries hired by Charles the Bold of Burgundy, whose army had been beaten by the Swiss at Morat. I assume that, tired of warfare, he was going home by unfrequented tracks through enemy country. Near the now well-known resort of St Cergues, he met a rustic and managed by signs to ask the way to Italy and Genoa. The rustic hearing the Italian Genova, directed him to the lake, and the traveller astonished but glad that his way did not lie across the Alps, descended the Jura, to the little town of Nyon on the lake. At the fortified gate of the town the bailiff entered him as a traveller armed with bow and arrow—the Arrowman—*Le flechier*. Then he found that home, Genova, was far distant, but Geneva was close at hand.

The country was peaceful and labour was at a premium, so the lotus-eater stayed on, and the pleasant Canton of Vaud gained another settler, safe from battle, murder, and sudden death, and leaving descendants, bearing the name 'de la Flechère' through the centuries. Thus it was that a Methodist boy last century went to a Moravian school, as you shall read hereafter.

There must be something in the air and water of the Lake of Geneva which has made that corner of Europe the head centre of Protestants, Protestors, and Provokers of Absolute Authority. Apart from Calvin and Knox, there have been others who have refused to sell their souls or their birthrights. So thought that stalwart puritan, Ludlow, one of the Regicides of Charles the First, who lies buried in Vevey Church.

So thought Voltaire, that intellectual earthquake, when after trying Nyon and Prangins, he finally settled at Ferney, nearer Geneva.

So must James Boswell have thought, when, after an evening's discussion with Voltaire, he made an entry in his diary: '*Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus.*'

So thought Edward Gibbon when he abandoned Romanism for Anglicanism, and wrote *The Decline and Fall*.

And so thought Madame de Stael, that whirlwind in petticoats, as Napoleon called her, when after the excursions and alarms of the Terror in Paris, she settled at Coppet.

And so thought William Perronet when, in 1778, he summed up the character and life of the Pays de Vaud in a MS to be seen in the Library of Wesley House at Cambridge. He had visited Nyon in connexion with litigation about family estates. It seemed a friendly affair, for the descendant of the archer mentioned earlier was the Vicar of Madeley in Staffordshire, and a close associate of John Wesley. Visiting his ancestral home, and possibly urged by reading Wesley's *Primitive Physic*, he bathed in the lake, was attacked by cramp, and saved from death by Perronet.

And finally, so thought the Moravian Brethren when, having a concern for education outside Germany, they managed to lease Prangins from the exiled family of the Buonapartes.

My father, a Wesleyan minister, having read Perronet's story and Fletcher's life, decided that such a school would have a Protestant, if not a Methodist, atmosphere. Only after his decision did he learn with some regret of the association of the castle with Voltaire and other fearful wild fowl. So in 1883, two boys in their teens began a year's study of French language and life. They had already spent a year at Königsfeld, and with some relief looked forward to the rather holiday atmosphere of Switzerland, which seemed nearer England, and more civilized than the bleak uplands of the Black Forest.

The school (misnamed a castle) was really a residential palace built in imitation of the fortress in the neighbouring town of Nyon, at a time when Western Europe had a spell of quiet after the long wars of Louis the Fourteenth. The ground floor, State apartments, were the school class-rooms—high, ornate, and bare, without the tapestries of the eighteenth century. There, the violins and harpsichord had played Rameau, Coupenin, for the gavotte and the saraband, and there was a smell of cedarwood, old romance, and dried lavender. In the bedrooms above, were abandoned stores of old furniture in the lofts and garrets under the roof; but no ghosts disturbed the sleep of healthy boyhood.

Looking back, I am conscious of an atmosphere of day-dreams and castles in Spain which interfered with the more solid forms of education. A boy of fifteen, hitherto subject to ordinary English and German school-life, hardly knew what to make of old romance, combined with the hearty freedom of the Pays de Vaud. No doubt ordinary mathematics and science were taught, but I enjoyed the French language and literature generally. We learnt by heart passages from poetry—Racine, Fenelon, Schiller, Heine, Byron, Keats—and in a fit of home-sickness I comforted myself with Goldsmith's *Traveller*:

*Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po.*

We did not return to England for holidays, and instead there were the *petit voyage* (Easter), and the *grand voyage* (summer), when, as thousands of boys and girls do now, we assumed the knapsacks (no rucksacks then) and alpenstocks, and lived pretty rough. As the Swiss boys and masters all went home, we were a mixed lot of English and Germans, and the masters accompanying us adhered to the directions of *Baedeker*. When we reached a starred view, with a panorama, each peak was diligently named, and we learnt more of Switzerland in a fortnight than most visitors do in their lives. That tour led me to the conclusion that, apart from views from high ground, being actually among the Alps is healthy but unsatisfactory; it is far better to enjoy one's Alps from foothills where the picture is not so shut in. Such a view is at St Cergues above Nyon, where Mont Blanc seems to occupy half the heaven up to the zenith. I recall a Swiss boy with me saying thoughtfully: 'It looks as if the world ought to turn upside down with the great weight.' I still have my Swiss school-atlas, with efforts to prove that the St. Gothard was the key-point of Europe, because it was the only Alpine tunnel then in existence.

On Sundays we attended the Prangins Church, St Pancrace. The service was so dull that it contributed to my day-dreams; even the hymns made no impression, and the tunes were a compound of old German, adjusted to modern use by an admirer of Ira D. Sankey. It happened that I made friends with the verger, who was the gardener at the castle, a man full of stories of the Canton de Vaud. He

had been called up to receive Bourbaki's French army when, in 1870, it retreated over the Jura before the Germans. He could remember a strange family of Russians, when the romantic exile Hergen occupied the chateau, before the Moravians took it over.

Best of all, he put me on the alert about the ghost in the garden—that of Voltaire. I repeated what I had learnt in my Methodist home that Voltaire was a very wicked man. He exploded with local patriotism and intellectual pride—Voltaire was the best man in the world in his day, and he, the gardener, was honoured in seeing his ghost about the garden approving the flowers and fruits. He always came in bright sunshine, for he loved the light, but he only appeared to those who followed in his steps. There were people in Nyon, said he, who thought he was the gardener Adam who had spoken with the Lord God and the Old Serpent, if he were not divine himself; and much more to the same purpose. I was afraid to repeat this to my master, M. Meuzel, who was *ein starker personlichkeit*, but I found in the chaplain, M. Daiber, a man full of the Holy Ghost, a comforter. He advised me to remember all this in advanced years, but not to take it too seriously in youth. As I personally never saw Voltaire, I suppose I am still a Methodist. The young Macaulay has written some lines not included in his published works which are worth repeating:

*If thou would'st view one more than man and less,
Made up of mean and great, of foul and fair,
Stop here: and weep and laugh and curse and bless,
And spurn and worship: for thou seest Voltaire.*

One day the English boys were sent in solemn procession to Nyon railway station, to see a little train of four coaches draw in, and salute in silence an old lady in black, who bowed from a corridor. The station-master assured us it was the Countess of Balmoral, but we knew the face was that of Queen Victoria. She was returning incognito from the Riviera, *en route* for Karlsruhe, where her son-in-law, a brief Emperor of Germany, was ill.

With the autumn an intermittent war arose between the boys and the *gardes champêtres*, of the ripe grapes. These grew right up to the roads—no hedges—and boys will be boys. The *gardes* used to hide among the vines and had the right of firing with bird shot at any trespassers. Several boys suffered from 'accidents', but the wounds were not severe. Also, at this time, we were served with jugs of *mout*, I suppose, unfermented grape-juice. It was heady and acid, so I could not tell my father that I had resisted the temptation of strong drink.

The long holiday season of the Pays de Vaud is over in early October; visitors trooped homeward and the weather became dismal, varying between high winds and dense fog. That strange phenomenon called *La Seche*, the nearest approach to a tide on the lake, appeared. It was a ground swell occurring about once an hour. So we prepared for entertaining ourselves. There were special three-day dramatic performances, to be given to the good folk of the vicinity, proceeds going to the support of the Moravian Missions. We played scenes from Racine's *Athalie* and Schiller's *Gotz von Berlichingen*, and I suspect as much energy was used as in the ordinary classes, if not more. We had the help of the orchestra of the Geneva Opera. In fact, the advantages of Geneva as an educational centre were fully used in various directions; lectures, chamber concerts, and the old magic-lantern

shows, anticipated the W.E.A., the cinema, and the B B C, and I think we appreciated them as much as, if not more than, young people today, with all the modern equipment.

It is certain that, hearing the Genevan Orchestra play the overture to *The Huguenots*, the real world of music was opened to me. During the autumn and winter, as all the devotees of Sir Henry Lunn know, Lower Switzerland is enveloped in mist. This became a thick fog over the lake, shutting out Savoy, whose Catholic Dukes long hated Geneva, as a Protestant ulcer on the body of Rome. There was a special service at St Pancrace (I think it was on 1st November) for the martyred Vaudois, massacred by the Catholics, and the English section of the school repeated Milton's sonnet: 'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,' as their contribution to the service.

Returning to the direct association of Methodism with Prangins and Nyon, the descendant of the Archer, Fletcher, though an Anglican Rector and friend of Wesley, found it possible to visit his former home and spend months there. Did he hear the *Ranz des Vaches*, which the Swiss hear all over the world, and feel they must return? Perronet, in his letter, referred to earlier, tells us that during the long winter fog over the lake (not pea-soup, but cotton wool) one day, Fletcher, in defiance of all warnings, went out fishing. After a little time he lost all sense of direction; hallooing made no impression, so he dared not row lest he should be leaving the landward side, and gave himself up for lost, remembering stories of others who had never returned. But at midday the bells of Nyon faintly sounded through the fog, and he was guided home, safe and sound.

Recently I again saw the Chateau de Prangins, and found it unoccupied, though the grounds were maintained in good order. The Moravians vacated it at the outbreak of the first World War, and when Austria sued for peace, the Hapsburgs leased it. Charles started thence on his ill-fated effort to recover Vienna and his crown. It was bought by the U.S.A. as a rest centre for officers in 1945, and is still in American hands, awaiting use. Perhaps, as formerly Jean de la Flechère helped Wesley in his work, Switzerland will summon Methodism to use Prangins as a European centre.

T. DRIFFIELD HAWKIN

WHAT DID ST PAUL LOOK LIKE?

POSSIBLY it does not matter, and yet it is difficult to be sure. Our affection for him might be quickened a little, as, for instance, it is for John Keats when we learn from one of his associates that his hair was 'a fine brown, rather than auburn, I think; and if you placed your hand upon his head, the silken curls felt like the rich plumage of a bird'. Or our sense of contact with him might be enhanced, as, for instance, it is with John Ruskin when we are told by one who heard him lecture in his latter period that he looked 'stronger than for many a year past. The hair that he has grown over his mouth hides that often angry feature, and his eyes look gentle and invite the unwary, who could never guess the dragon that lurks in the bush below.'

In the greatest of instances, in the matter of mere appearances, we have no evidence at all to go upon, of course: every artist who seeks to figure-forth Jesus of Nazareth must draw upon his own individual sense of the human ideal. Nothing in the Gospels affords us any certain notion of what His appearance was. Some slight idiosyncrasies of habit are preserved for us, but that is all; nothing upon which a dependable representation of 'the Desire of all nations' could be based. Who, for instance, until they have heard or read the lines,

*Not a golden hair was grey,
On His crucifixion day,*

stops to think that He might indeed, like His shepherd forbear in the Old Testament, have been 'ruddy'? Very few of us, to be sure—and yet it might well have been so. And then again, it might well have been otherwise so far as positive evidence is concerned. We have nothing dependable to go upon.

So far as St Paul is concerned we are, for better or for worse, differently situated. Here and there in his letters, and once at least in St Luke, we have indications—sparse and circumstantial indeed, but substantial enough to form a basis for his picture in our minds. The intention in this article is, jig-saw fashion, to bring these scattered hints together and see what sort of a picture they suggest.

Our first reference, then, shall be to one of his own letters.¹ St Paul is here recording, what had previously been conveyed by letter to him, a snippet of Corinthian gossip in which his *appearance* had given an opening to malice. He had been told that it had been remarked of him that 'his letters are weighty and strong; but his bodily presence is weak'. As we might say in our idiom: 'He can write a very good letter, but what is he like to look at?' Probably the least that could be said in reply to such provocation would be: 'Well certainly, not very much.' He was not the sort of man you stole a second look at in the street; he was not the sort of man you found any pleasure in looking at, at all. In correspondence impressive, overawing: in appearance insignificant or 'weak'. You had heard his letters and felt their force, and looked forward to seeing him; and when he came you were regretfully surprised. You said to yourself: 'Why, but he's a *little* fellow.' He was not much of a man to look at.

It might be parried, of course, that this should be discounted as evidence since it was obviously said about him by no friend. This would be to discredit the witness as prejudiced. But it would have to be borne in mind that, whoever it had been said *by*, it had been *to* a friend. And there could have been no point in saying to a

friend of St Paul a thing of this sort unless it had been palpably true. For the malice had intended a hurt, and the weapon would have been useless unless it had been barbed. As a correspondent the apostle was given his due—'a letter-writer indeed! . . . But what was he like to look at?' Certainly, we must suppose, not so impressive as one would have anticipated, and probably the most innocuous thing we can say on this head at this point is that he was physically insignificant.

Turning now to our Lucan reference¹ we light upon something which looks remarkably like a confirmation of Corinthian gossip, all the more valuable because it is quite dissociated from that in its source. Paul and Barnabas in Lystra, having set upon his feet a man who had never been known to walk, found themselves about to be worshipped as 'gods come down in the likeness of men'. There was nothing very surprising about that, at that time and in that place. What was surprising—and what still surprises boys and girls who hear about it now—was the particular identifications these pagans made between their gods and these two men. 'They called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercury.' They confounded the values, that is to say, of Barnabas and Paul, identifying the lesser man with the greater god and vice versa. How they could have made such a mistake, with the two men there before their eyes, is inexplicable—*unless* it was precisely the fact that they had them there to look at that precipitated them into so gross an error. This, in a measure, is precisely what St Luke avers to have happened, for he tells us that St Paul was called Mercury 'because he was the chief speaker'. We may reflect here that St Luke was not, after all, upon the spot when this happened: that he was dependent for all his information upon one of the two. And we may imagine, if his informant was Barnabas, how calculated that true Christian would be—not to asperse, but to enhance, the intrinsic worth of his companion. Not for him to say a thing that would suggest a disparaging comparison with himself, so far as St Paul was concerned. And the effect of the Lucan comment is to cast the greater glory upon St Paul. Yet that was not the effect of the incident, and that was not the intention of the men of Lystra. If, on the other hand, we are willing to accept the truth of the Corinthian gossip, and to suppose that in Barnabas St Paul had a companion who, by his appearance, reduced him to comparative insignificance, it is less difficult to understand the pagan error. It was precisely *because* they had them there together, the one a man goodly to look upon and the other attracting (by his appearance) no regard, that this pagan city confused them as it did. So that this story confirms, at least so far, the malicious gossip. There was nothing impressive about the great Apostle when he stood before you in the flesh.

Accepting, then, this hint of his over-all comparative insignificance, let us see what evidence is to be found in St Paul's writings as to any details of his appearance. And here we must turn again to his Corinthian correspondence.² Having referred to the greatness of some revelations made to him he goes on to say that, lest he should 'be exalted overmuch' there had been given him 'a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan' to buffet him. And it will surely not be counted improbable that this 'thorn' might have been of such a nature as to affect his bodily appearance. What are the conjectures to which this strange phrase has given birth?

In the main, there have been three. It has been said, for instance, that St Paul was epileptic, and no one would care, probably, to affirm categorically that he was not. The difficulty, regarding this particular diagnosis, from our immediate point of view is, that all the evidence cited in support of it is dubious and questionable in

the extreme. It is true, of course, that if this was the nature of his 'thorn' his appearance, sooner or later, would be affected, chronic sufferers from this malady commonly presenting an appearance of emaciation and pallor. But we should be taking a considerable risk if we moved far on the basis of a conjecture so little supported by other evidence as this. It has also been suggested that the malady from which he suffered was malaria, a guess not improbable in itself and one, if true, from which we should have to conjecture some effect upon his appearance with the passage of time. But this, like the other, lacks any substantial confirmatory evidence within the New Testament. A much more likely suggestion is that the 'thorn' was ophthalmia, a disease of the eyes due largely to unhygienic conditions, and familiar to this day to travellers in the East and the Near East. Ophthalmia, beside affecting the sight and tending to reduce the power of vision, is a disfiguring ailment, a recurrent suppurating inflammation marking acute stages of a chronic disease. If this was indeed St Paul's 'thorn in the flesh' then, in more than a mere negative sense as indicating his comparative insignificance, the Corinthians might have said, in our idiom, that he was 'not much of a man to look at'. But the chief interest of this diagnosis for our present purpose lies in the very strong confirmatory evidence that is to be found in another of St Paul's epistles.

Writing to the Galatians⁴ he reminded them that it was because of an 'infirmity of the flesh' that he had preached the Gospel to them the first time. Now there is not so much difference between a 'thorn in the flesh' and an 'infirmity of the flesh' as to forbid us from a tentative identification of the one with the other. Both phrases have the force of suggesting a *chronic* ailment, something with which the sufferer had to live, as best he might: something he had to carry about with him wherever he went. Onsets of acute suffering might prostrate him from time to time but the *thing*—'thorn' or 'infirmity'—was always there. It is not only that he told his Corinthian friends⁵ that he had three times pleaded with God to rid him of his pest, but in vain. The chronic nature of his complaint is evident, we say, from the very nature of the phrases in which it is described. So that, unless we are prepared to believe he was doubly afflicted, there is ground for supposing that by his 'infirmity' he meant the same irksome board-and-bed-fellow as by his 'thorn'.

His reference in the Galatian letter carries with it more than a suggestion of a malady repellent to the observer. For he recalls with obvious and touching gratitude that they were not moved to despise or reject him by what, in fact, amounted to a 'temptation' to them in the flesh. The condition of this afflicted man, temporarily blinded, permanently disfigured, and at that time offensive because of the effluvium that accompanied the acute stages of his disease, was no stumbling-block to them. They had received him—not as he might well have been regarded, as lying under the displeasure of the gods; but as the One God's messenger—more: as though he had been God Himself in the flesh—as Jesus Christ'. But it is when we come to his reminding them that, witnessing his distress, they would have 'plucked out their own eyes and given them' to him, that we must feel that here is confirmatory evidence of the nature of his disease. If it had been malaria, or epilepsy, that had laid him low, there could be no reason at all why their concern for him should have been recorded in so vivid and precise a figure. But if he was indeed, as we surmise, smitten with temporary blindness in their midst; and if—as they must have known was the case if it was ophthalmia that detained him there—if he must go on for the rest of his life subject to his disfigurement and to recurrent agonies such as

they witnessed: then there would be point indeed in their wishing from their hearts that they might pluck out, one and the other, an eye apiece, and send him whole and healed upon his way.

If further confirmation of such a reading were needed, what better could be found than his postscript to this same epistle?² 'See', he writes, 'with how large letters I write to you with mine own hand.' The regular and beautiful script of the amanuensis came to an end at this point, and the space that was left was filled with an ungainly scrawl. So by way of an apology, he pokes a little gentle fun at himself. 'You will laugh at my writing,' he says, in effect. Yet he must have known, dear man, how little they were likely to laugh. For they were grievously familiar with his infirmity: they had seen him writhe under his thorn. And still they would sigh, when they saw his scrawl, because they had not, as they had desired, been able to make good his deficiency. With less than he needed of eye-sight; with as much as he could bear of pain; and with perpetual disfigurement—he must go his way, glorifying God, to the end appointed.

It might be reckoned instructive, so much having been attempted on the basis of the New Testament alone, to quote from an early Christian document³ outside of the Canon a detailed description of the Apostle. He is presented to us there as 'a man little of stature, thin-haired upon the head, crooked in the legs, of good state of body, with eyebrows joining, and nose somewhat hooked, full of grace: for sometimes he appeared like a man, and sometimes he had the face of an angel'.⁴ Instructive, in view of what we have said, in part because no mention is made in this detailed description of the most notable feature in any human face—the eyes. Can it be that this was the expression of a compassionate reticence, the eye that was directed toward the Apostle preferring to rest upon other features than those: the baldish head, the Hebrew nose, the beetling brows? Instructive, too, because it declares to us that there were times when, in his passion for Christ and for those for whom Christ had died, he became transfigured. They came together, his hearers did, as though to an ordinary man; and as they remained they found him to be, what the Galatians had suspicioned, a very angel of God.

REGINALD GLANVILLE

¹ 2 Corinthians 10:18.

² Acts 14.

³ 2 Corinthians 12:7.

⁴ Galatians 4:11-12.

⁵ 2 Corinthians 12:1-9.

⁶ Galatians 6:11.

⁷ *The Acts of Paul and Thecla*.

⁸ Quoted by Dr A. S. Peake from Dr M. R. James's translation in *The Apocryphal New Testament*, p. 273, in 'Paul the Apostle: His Personality and Achievement', *Bulletin of the John Ryland Library*, Vol. XII (1928).

PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL

THE TITLE of Mr Bertrand Russell's recent broadcasts on 'Living in an Atomic Age' may serve to remind us again of the close relation that has always existed between man's beliefs about the physical and spiritual. Unfortunately, with rare exceptions, the expert in physical science and the expert theologian are unacquainted with the universe in which each does his work. This ignorance is the basis of every idea of conflict between science and religion. With the rapid growth in physical science there is little hope that room may be found for any of the humanities in the course necessary for any honours degree in physical science. It may be that the Church could help to remedy the situation by insisting on a course in the history and methods of science, for all her ministers. Only by some such method shall we be able to meet the present situation when we are all becoming more and more dominated by the physical world.

It is necessary that we should know what the modern physical scientist believes since in every age man's attitude to the physical world has largely determined his response to the spiritual. This is obvious in two ways, according as the physical world reveals a creator and as we use analogies from that world to express spiritual truth.

First, then, when men thought of the Earth as flat and at the centre of a small universe, and saw in every event the direct act of the gods, man had an exaggerated sense of his own importance. It is through the physical that we perceive the spiritual. R. Otto traced the origin of religion to the sense of the 'numinous', and such a sense is usually aroused by an event in the external world. The bush that burns and is not consumed, the mysterious and inexplicable, were the ancient avenues by which God came to men. Such avenues are not so readily available today. In a world of physical law God does not seem so near for many men.

It is through the events in the physical world that we learn of the spiritual values of justice and compassion, and we learn truth by comparing the world of events with the description men give. The prophet Amos learned of the justice of God from the actual deeds of injustice perpetrated in his time. Supremely in the Parables of Jesus we discover that the physical world can be the medium of spiritual truth. Paul was right when he insisted that human fatherhood derived its nature from the divine Fatherhood, but Jesus knew that in practice it is from human fatherhood that we learn what God the Father is like. We know the nature of God and of Love from the actual love of our parents and friends, a love that we first know through their physical care for us. One way in which we react to the death of Jesus, a death that took place within the physical world and was brought about by physical action, is that it makes real to us the consequence of the spiritual sins of people like the High Priest, the Pharisees and Pilate. Jesus taught us to pray for forgiveness as we are willing to forgive. In other words, only as we are able to express in definite acts of forgiveness within this physical world, can we realize the nature of the forgiveness that we ask from God.

It is inevitable in a religion that begins with the incarnation of God in Jesus that how we think of the physical shall influence our thought of the spiritual. Not all have eyes to see this truth. 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear.' The sin against the Holy Spirit is surely the refusal to accept the gift of such perception. Such a person sees an act of injustice but has refused to respond to the Spirit and so can

know nothing of Amos' burning indignation. Such a man cannot be forgiven for he refuses to see, in his physical faults or sins, that he is a sinner. Such a person laments that he has a bad temper, but it is the physical outbreak of violence or of words, that he deplures; he remains blind to the true nature of his complaint. As in another sphere it is true that

*A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.*

A second inevitable connexion of the physical and the spiritual is that we use the former to express the latter. Our basic words are all derived from the physical world. We use the ministry of word and of sacrament to mediate the spiritual. The language of theology and of the simplest Christian is inadequate when we discuss our faith. To sing about being 'Washed in the Blood', to repeat Wesley's words about feeling my 'heart strangely warm' or to use the words of Jesus and say of a piece of bread, 'This is My Body', is ridiculous if we take the words as they stand. Yet Christians have some idea of what these phrases mean.

There is therefore a certain primacy given to the physical world. If the scientist was able to express the whole of physical reality in terms of mathematical equations, he would still need those observations of physical events that provided the data for his calculations. In the same way the Christian cannot so spiritualize his faith that he can do without the historic incarnation, this was docetism; or deny the need for expressing his faith in action, this was antinomianism. We cannot separate the Jesus of experience from the Jesus of history, and we cannot separate our relation to God from a right relation expressed in right deeds toward our fellow men.

There is, however, a real danger lest we should be so dominated by the physical that we shall lose sense of the spiritual.

The first casualty has been man's sense of personal significance. In an expanding universe, so vast in space and in time, in which so many others have lived and will live, the individual seems to count for so little. Even more than in Tennyson's day we say 'So careless of the single life'. Thus we find whole peoples for whom the individual matters not at all. The gas chambers of Belsen, the liquidation of the *bourgeoisie*, or the extermination of Chinese landlords are not surprising in this world. There may be a place for the nation or the race, there is none for the man. Only as we recognize this world as a 'vale of soul making', and know in one's own experience the value of the individual to God, can man, individual man, recover his sense of significance, and escape from the bondage of the physical world of space and time. The gift of God is eternal life.

The second casualty has been our sense of security. In the old days the threats to security came from the gods. If trouble comes, men still ask, 'What have I done to deserve this?', witnessing to the old belief that disaster was 'sent' from the spiritual world. Today disaster comes from the physical universe or from man's errors. The industrial revolution saw great distress, and inventions have meant large-scale unemployment. This need not be so today, but men feel that they are less dependent upon themselves than once they were and more dependent upon the decisions others make. For example, during the wars of the Middle Ages, the ordinary life of most people went on its way not unduly disturbed by these events.

It is not so today. A dispute in industry or in international relations can affect the lives of all of us. The very title of Mr Russell's lectures, 'Living in an Atomic Age', reminds us of the threat that hangs over us all. In the old world men thought that by saving he could safeguard his future, or by prayer he might avert disaster. We are now so linked with others that we feel insecure because we are helpless.

In contradiction to what I have said (but the human mind can hold contrary ideas at the same time), we have lost our sense of dependence upon God in a new sense of mastery. This is most obvious in the technical achievements of the last hundred years. By invention and discovery space has been almost annihilated. We have rapid transport and communication. We have conquered many diseases and the expectation of life is higher than it has ever been. It is possible to feed the whole population of the world and we are not unduly apprehensive even as we read of a rapidly growing population. Man believes that he can do pretty well whatever he wants to do in the physical world. This has tended to make us feel less dependent upon God. Harvest Festivals are a survival from another way of life, even though Jesus taught, what only modern science has brought home to people, that God sends His rain on the just and unjust.

The success of physical scientists in discovering laws that govern their world has prompted social scientists to seek for such laws as they have investigated human behaviour. Such statistical laws have been discovered and popular thought has misunderstood the word law and concluded that freewill is a thing of the past. There are those who find in Communism a way of life that will lead to a better world because it will be based upon such laws. Such a way, unless spoiled by human selfishness, could lead to a healthy and from a physical point of view a perfect world, but a most unsatisfying one since it has ignored the spiritual aspect of reality.

Miracle was called the 'dearest child of faith'. Once men accepted the teaching and way of Jesus because He made the blind to see, the lame to walk, and the dead to live. Modern miracles are those of science, and for precisely the same reason men hope for salvation from physical science. Television, skilful surgery, and an apparently endless variety of amazing events have enabled the modern scientist not only to produce 'the most fundamental requisites of civilized life, but also to produce bewilderment and awe'. These were the words of Hero of Alexandria (284-221 B.C.), who knew how the ancient priests used their knowledge to bolster up their religion with miracle. Today, human achievement and not divine compassion arouses the sense of wonder. Thus we cease to worship God.

The Christian has himself contributed to this dominance of the physical and temporary. Jesus made ministry to the body a test of discipleship. Because a man loved God he was inevitably moved with compassion for all suffering men. Because this world was the place wherein man learned of his eternal destiny this world was important and how men lived in it was important too. Thus from the earliest times the Christian ministered to physical human need. Recent scientific expansion has increased our opportunity of such service. In our hospitals and schools, as welfare officers and as men engaged in serving the community in a myriad ways the Christian has opportunities that his parents never knew. Thus even he has become dominated by this world.

The revival and extension of sacramental practices in the Church focuses attention upon the physical means of Grace, and the spiritual reality may be forgotten.

The Christian must insist that the world of nature is valuable only with a value derived from the spiritual. It is a means of Grace whose entire value comes from the Grace. We must teach anew Luther's spiritual compulsion, Calvin's witness of the Spirit, George Foxe's inner light, and John Wesley's assurance. These truths of evangelical religion can alone save us from the dominance of the physical that threatens our day.

R. A. LETCH

OUR EXPERIENCE OF GOD

I BELIEVE in God. There is no mathematical proof that God exists. We might point, as Bishop Gore did, to the evidences for God within the universe or, as Dean Inge suggests, to God revealed in history. Yet again, like Rousseau, we may argue for God in man. But that God exists has, on a rational basis, no more to be said for it than that stated in terms of Joseph Butler's *Analogy of Religion*—it is the result of reasonable inference.

There is, of course, another approach. This is by way of Jesus Christ. Proof of the existence of God, it may be said, is revealed in the life, teaching, death, and resurrection of Christ. For did He not declare that He came out from the Father? And did He not live in accordance with the will of God? And was not His death the revelation of the extent to which the love of God could go for sinful men? The resurrection, it is argued and believed, is God's seal upon Christ's life, teaching, and death. And how could such a teacher, the greatest of all time, be mistaken about God? Yet even this position is invulnerable only for those who believe in Christ and accept Him as divine. To those who accept Christ as man and teacher but who, like Bernard Shaw, believe that in His death and sacrifice He was deluded and in His statements about God was but speaking opinions and convictions which, though He believed in them, may have been untrue—there appears to be only one other position. This is based on what is termed 'the something other' of life. There is much beyond us: more knowledge, more beauty, more truth. There is something in the world more than and other than ourselves. It is not we who have made it or ever do make it. We, as Professor A. E. Taylor suggests, discover it. What is this 'something other'? What is it that is behind and yet within Nature; behind, yet within History; behind, yet within Experience? Some call it God. Others have described it as 'Creative Spirit', 'Eternal Principle', 'First Cause'. No one has proof as to what it is, but all give it a name as best it pleases them. So that, in the last resort, to account for that which is more than ourselves, we must have faith. It is a question of belief—a faith that must be employed.

But to declare that this 'otherness' is God is not to tell us what God is like. He may simply be the 'elan vital' of Bergson, or the two irreconcilable ideas of God mentioned by Galsworthy as Jolyon Forsyte's answer to his son's question: 'Do you believe in God, dad: I've never known?'

'What do you mean by God?' he said. ' . . . There's the unknowable Creative Principle—I believe in That. And there's the sum of Altruism in man—naturally one believes in That.'

'I see. That leaves out Christ, doesn't it?'

That is true. And the question arises whether or not we can have a true conception of God if Christ is left out of account. Again, it is a question of faith. And as Christ has represented the highest and best things concerning this 'otherness' and Man, I believe in the God He has revealed. Not that the fullness of God has yet been revealed, but His nature has been disclosed.

But how do we experience God? How does He become a reality to us? There has been a tendency, for longer than we care to think, to differentiate between an experience of God and an experience of the world. It has been argued that it was the business of believers to gain the reality of God in the soul by private or public communion and by cultivating the idea of the friendship of Jesus. God had first to be experienced in the soul and the ways of the world had to be considered afterwards or, to put it in other words, the cry was: 'Christ first, other things afterwards.' The position was clear-cut. God's presence must first be sought in prayer, meditation, and communion, then after this must come concern for the world. Thus there was, and still is, a before and after in religious life. God must first of all be felt to be with you, then you do things for God.

Yet is not such a conception wholly erroneous and due to a departmentalized view of life? If this is God's world, do we not have relationship and fellowship with Him in all things necessary to the improvement of life? If a man is questing for truth, engaged in social service, discovering beauty—is he not in some measure experiencing God? Actually we can say, and with reason, that he is in touch with personality. If, as a minister once said to the writer, it is necessary first to imagine Christ sitting with you in your study or at your table when having a meal, then all men cannot have, through lack of imagination, a sense of God's presence. To believe He is there is not necessarily to see Him, just as to believe God is with you in your social service is not necessarily to see Him. Imagination is not belief. And for a man to believe that God is with him when he prays is no more than to believe God is with him when he works. It may be pointed out, of course, that when a man prays he gains a sense of power, a coming into his life of an energy that inspires and moves him. But such an experience is the outcome of a conviction that such a thing happens, which indeed it does. On the other hand, to declare that such a thing does not happen, which, it must be confessed, often it does not, in a man's activity in social service or in questing for truth, is an unwarrantable deduction of this 'Christ first, other things afterwards' conception. Is not a man who is engaged in work, say, for the abolition of war having direct relationship with God, actually sharing His nature? How do we share in the nature of God unless it be through the good, beautiful, and true? It may be argued that what really happens is that such a man works unconsciously in harmony with God's will but that there is no sharing of the nature of God. But if this is God's world—and all Christians believe it is—how can anything with moral import be divorced from God? Do we not participate in His nature when we acquire moral purpose? In what other way has God any relationship with us? Our experience of the world or in the world is, therefore, whenever we seek the world's good, an experience of God.

If this, then, is the nature of things and the world we live in is God's world, what

is the destiny of man? Can we assume that in the end all men shall come to know God and find their destiny in some kind of eternal bliss? Must the world inevitably progress? The writer¹ believes that, on the whole, mankind, in spite of failures, regressions, and sins, does inevitably progress, and maintains that without such a belief men will, as likely as not, become pessimists content to speak only of change. Though men must inevitably suffer for their sins and follies, the future of mankind, if this is God's world, is assured. Once again, therefore, whenever we seek the world's good we share in the nature of God.

But what of our lives as individuals? There is no doubt that, though we may experience God in our work for the world, there is a sense of ineffectiveness in many lives. Does not this fact indicate that we must first practise the presence of God before we can hope to experience Him in our service for the world? That there is ineffectiveness in many lives cannot be denied. Is it due to being interested in too many things? Is the particularized life the necessity of our age? It may be reassuring to know that we can become and can have, if, as George Bernard Shaw once said, 'we go mad about it', whatever we may choose. The Americans have a saying that you can get anything you want if you want it badly enough. Is the feverish restlessness of our day, the lack of power and inward satisfaction, due to a lack of our desiring things badly enough? Michael Mont, after reading proofs of two poems and discovering in them unrest and yearning, asks: 'What is it? What's wrong with us? We're quick, clever, and cocksure—and dissatisfied. If only something would en-thuse us, or get our goats! We've chucked religion, tradition, property, pity; and in their place put—what? Beauty? . . . And yet we must be after something! Better world? Doesn't look like it. Future life?' But he leaves his questions unanswered. Yet he touches the heart of the matter. What is it, as distinct from what we want for the world, we want for ourselves—for our own good? And how are we to get it? Can we get it? We can—at a price. And it is for all men to ask if that price is worth while. We do not mean by the price all that is involved in 'wanting things badly enough', but the price that must be paid for gaining what we need for our own life. The price to be paid is that of particularization. It is, we believe, quite possible for a man who so desires, to become a faith-healer if he is ready to pay this price. He must limit his life to that end. It is no good a man hoping to become a faith-healer if he is interested in social questions or in art. He must cut these things out of his life. In *The Woman of Andros*, Thornton Wilder presents that lady questing for peace. She gains it—until some new force comes into her life—by dying to worry, irritations, anxieties. She killed these things stone dead. One thing only must dominate her mind. In a similar way, if a man would become a good public speaker, he must, granting he has something worth saying, limit himself to the study of the art of public speaking to attain his desire. The same particularization is needed to become a psychoanalyst, an evangelist, or a saint. It is impossible for a man to become a saint of the mystical order if he has an absorbing interest in boys' movements, or to become a psychoanalyst if he is an enthusiastic sportsman. Our outstanding quality or ability can be gained only by narrowing the range of our interests. In the same way, maybe the only way the Church can gain its old fervour and enthusiasm is, as it has been stated, by doing its own job. It is certainly a moot question as to whether or not the Church can keep the fires of religious zeal burning in the hearts of its worshippers if in any sense it embraces a social gospel. Those who are acquainted with Church congregations quickly sense, it is said, a difference

in the 'atmosphere' of their churches whenever a sermon is preached on the social implications of the Gospel, especially when contrasted with a devotional or 'spiritual' message. Such a change may, of course, be due to the feeling, wrongly developed, that social concerns are not at the heart of the Gospel. In any case, here is the problem—the problem of the wider interest with its consequent loss of 'atmosphere'. Spiritual fervour, or whatever else it may be called, and a narrowing interest, appear to go hand in hand. Whether the one or the other attitude shall be adopted is a matter every man must decide for himself. He will decide it either according to his views of God and the world or because of his predilections and general training. If he believes in God as being expressed in His world, he will not put any concern which is for the betterment of himself and his fellows in a 'before and after' category in his conception of values. He will then have world-wide interests, and though sometimes to himself and often to his friends he may appear to be missing direct and personal soul-culture, he will, nevertheless, realize that he is everywhere with God. Only, he will experience Him not so much in quiet and private devotion as in service. The particularist, on the other hand, will claim consciousness of full salvation with all the joys and enthusiasm attending upon it, and only his secondary interests will be given to the world. He will always think of himself as taking God to the world, whereas the other type will think of God within the world's activities. The one leans toward immanence, the other toward transcendence. It may be that one type of mind tends toward the particularist attitude, another to the universalist attitude. Yet they are complementary. It must not be denied that men find God in private devotions and, which is more necessary simply because it has so often been questioned, it must be affirmed that God can be found by some men in their life's activity—in all that improves. Some people narrow, some widen, the issues of life. Let it be admitted that a man who is extensive in his interests can be as effective and as near to God as the man who is intensive. To touch many things with some interest is possibly as efficacious as touching one thing with absorbing interest. For in the end, and in the process, too, all things are related. And while specialists are necessary and helpful, the world is not saved by them.

T. W. BEVAN

¹ See article on, 'If this is God's World!' (London Quarterly and Holborn Review, April 1934), and *What I Believe*, B. Aquila Barber (Epworth Press, 1935.)

JUSTIFICATION

WHEN did you hear a sermon on justification? Just when? I have searched the 'table of contents' in three recent volumes of sermons—excellent sermons on their themes, but this great Pauline and Evangelical doctrine was not once alluded to. Quite recently I heard a young minister refer to some other doctrine as 'dead as the doctrine of justification'. Has the word become so meaningless as all that? It has an honourable place in the Bible especially in the New Testament. It would be very difficult to be loyal to the New Testament and ignore it. The word and its cognates are found over fifty times. John Wesley aimed to be Scriptural in more than holiness so he devotes a whole sermon to it. Dr Pope devoted pages of *The Compendium* to it. Dr Beet devotes a page to the significance of justification. Nor are our contemporary theologians silent on the theme, nor do they regard the word as obsolete or obsolescent. Read Drs Maldwyn Hughes, Lofthouse, the late Dr Howard, or Weatherhead, to name a few out of many. All find it expresses a significant fact of religious experience. It is true the word has little meaning if divorced from some others such as God, man, responsibility, and sin. We cannot expound the Bible piece-meal. If a part of it loses significance, other parts of it wither also. If God becomes a pantheistic abstraction, if man is a creature who in Lenin's words 'is only what he eats', if sin has no moral meaning and is only a '*fall upwards*' in the evolutionary process—there will be little place in our vocabulary for justification. Indeed, if God is only an indulgent Father who thinks more of His children's pleasures than their character, they are more likely to think more of their toys than of His will except when they are in trouble. There is plenty today to interest men in science, invention, art, social service, amusements, and politics, apart from their prayers; but the fact that it is difficult to scale Mount Everest does not mean that it no longer challenges us. Great issues are difficult. Paul, Luther, Wesley, Booth, found religion a man's job. To pursue this a little farther, Socrates' definition that 'sin is another name for ignorance', or 'something that does not make for the well-being of the herd', or 'introversion', tends to put a new label on the bottle without changing the contents, but you must change the whole system also, and then some words become unnecessary. If science tells us bluntly that God is found to be unnecessary, if the individual loses his identity in the mass, if Bentham and Mill's individualism is laughed out of court by the new Socialism without any attempt to see the place of both—we must change our religious vocabulary. Personal responsibility has not been at a lower ebb for a century. Since Thomas Hill Green wrote his *Prolegomena* (and pointed out the errors of Mill) the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction. The call of the hour is for a little more individualism and the ability to say on occasion, 'Here I stand, I can do no other', and an end for a little while of medievalism and of modern class-control. Protestantism needs to rediscover itself, and these islands could do with a rest from prescribed State forms. We need men who could look facts in the face and not accept thinking by proxy. It is all devalizing some New Testament ideas and we may be said literally to be fighting against principalities and powers. The tide is running against the Church. God, man, sin, guilt, must precede the word justification. New Testament truth is a seamless robe. If preaching dwindles to essays on the social situation, little use will be found for

certain great New Testament words. They will soon rest in the lumber-room. The condition of justification is a personal purposive God, whose will is our life, responsible human beings who stand in relation to that God, and through whom His Kingdom is set up on Earth—men who reject other gods as Power, Fame, Greed. How can God bring such 'moral failures' as men are into fellowship with Himself? He cannot begin with them as if the past had never been and yet remain holy. 'What I have written I have written'; so the outlook is dark. Here we come on moral tragedy seen through Paul's eyes. He expresses it by the word 'justification'. It has two meanings in both classical and Biblical Greek: (i) to vindicate an accused person and prove the baselessness of the accusation. This meaning is quite useless for a sinner. 'How can man be just with God?' If this meaning breaks down before Old Testament standards how much more before Christ, where thought, intents, and desires come into consideration. Hence the medieval Church and multitudes today have been so optimistic or foolish as to think that when men decide on a course of vigils, fastings, pilgrimages, flagellations, and rigorous self-discipline, they can attain to such goodness that they stand justified in the sight of God in this first sense. But the nearer we come to God the more clearly do we see our defects as motes become visible in the sunbeam. Sceptics have shown ignorance of the whole matter when they accuse St Paul of insincerity by describing himself when a mature Christian as 'the chief of sinners'.

Without captiousness this, as Dr Maltby pointed out, was the great defect in the Oxford Group's (before it became the M.R.A.) use of 'absolute'; the Christian's standard rises as he comes to know God better. So Wesley came to prefer 'perfect love' in his later days to 'Christian Perfection'. When about three score and ten he wrote: 'I have been wandering up and down, between fifty and sixty years, endeavouring, in a poor way, to do a little good to my fellow creatures and now it is probable there are a few days between me and death, and what have I to trust in for salvation? I can see nothing that I have done or suffered that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this:

*I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.*

That is true of Christian experience. How any sincere Christian can reach a point beyond which he cannot go is beyond one's comprehension. No: to assume such proficiency is not the New Testament way of representing our relation to God. He meets us in Christ where and as we are. Justification does not mean God's 'well done!' to a self-reformed sinner. (ii) This brings us to that generous, uplifting, healing meaning of the word justification. A man may not be worthy of pardon and yet be pardoned. This is God's attitude to every *returning* sinner. Christ's way of life and self-committal to Him are the only conditions. God will assume fellowship with us, even as sons, if our ideal and hope are Christ, He is the Door, and the Way, and the Life, the Head of a new order ('Sons of the Kingdom'), so that God's justification of men is in holy love.

Wesley's words can scarcely be improved upon. 'The plain scriptural notion of justification is pardon, the forgiveness of sins. It is that act of God the Father, whereby, for the sake of [Christ] He "showeth forth His righteousness" (or mercy) "by the remission of sins that are past".'¹ It would be beside our theme to enlarge

on the fact that forgiveness, if genuine, is always costly. The only other really relevant point is that God's tender forgiveness must be met by man's faith. We can morbidly keep the blinds drawn and the sunshine out, or we can 'arise and come to our Father'.

The sun is shining—the robe, ring, and greeting are all ready. Heaven is on the sinner's side. This does not mean merely the acceptance of 'a theistic conception of the universe'. It means the adventure of a man's whole personality on God, as we see Him in Christ's mind, heart, and will, an ethical and emotional as well as an intellectual offering to God; for He has ordained that through Christians He is to be manifested to the whole creation. It is no wonder then that the Rev Philip S. Watson aptly compares Luther to a Copernicus on this matter. Luther began in his spiritual quest, with man at the centre, but soon saw in St Paul's writings that we must put God there; that it is not man's effort to be acceptable to God, but God's act of free forgiveness that constitutes the New Testament message. Here we come to the great divide in Christian doctrine.

Why, then, does St Paul couch such a simple idea as pardon or forgiveness in such an unfamiliar word as justification? The answer is at least two fold. (i) A man can only use the language of his day. Legalism was the currency when St Paul was a student.

Years ago the present writer sat under a tutor who grew impatient of anything that could not be expressed in terms of evolution. Darwin rather than deity had become his obsession. Even Henry Drummond and Griffith-Jones had tried to express Christianity in such terms as Bio-genesis growth, Parasitism, and so on. It was a heroic attempt to express Christianity in terms of evolution. 'The mistake was to identify development with progress. Even physical evolution is by no means always upward and onward', as Dr Eric Waterhouse clearly puts it now, as the theory of evolution gave thought-forms to students half a century ago, so the legalism of his age gave St Paul his thought-forms, some of which were not large enough for Christ. Even terms like Covenant, Love, and Grace, were transformed at the touch of Christ. Paul often strives to put the new wine into old vessels and strains language. As Dr Maltby once said at a Student Federation, 'At times the language broke, and then he added whimsically: 'It took Dr James Moffatt [who was present] I hear almost six weeks to execute the necessary repairs'! (ii) It was here, too, Christ saw the inadequacy of legalism and crossed swords with scribes and Pharisees. 'Blind guides' He called them, and how apt! A man can see new horizons when he enters the Kingdom of God and leaves the law contained in commandments. Law may be a necessary means of training our spirits, but there is a world of difference as Paul saw between a pedagogue and a teacher. Justification aptly expressed the experience of legalism, but we must carefully note that the word needs expansion and fresh depth when used to indicate what God revealed to a sinner, in Christ: 'Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus whom God set forth to be a propitiatory through faith, by His blood.' However inadequate, justification is still one of the most significant words in the New Testament.

ALEXANDER MCCREA

¹ *Standard Sermons of John Wesley*, V.11.5.

ATTACK ON THE THEATRE

(circa 1580-1680)

THE STATUS of the stage in England has always been precarious. In an account of the first full-scale attempt to regularize the whole position, undertaken by Sir Robert Walpole in the Playhouse Bill of 1737, his biographer William Coxe remarks: 'It appears from the history of the English Stage, that no period ever existed when it was not subject to superintendence, when players were not licensed, and when plays were not reviewed and amended, allowed or rejected.'¹

At first Parliament appears to have paid little attention to the stage. The earliest mention of actors, curiously enough, was a proviso exempting them from the early sumptuary laws (3 & 4 Ed. IV).

Attacks were, however, early launched against the Miracle Plays as they developed an independent existence beyond the confines of the Church. The main cause of complaint seems to have been interference with such ecclesiastical institutions as the Sabbath.

The favourable attitude to the drama reflected in further exemptions from sumptuary laws under 4 Henry IV, c. 26, and 1 Henry VIII, c. 14 (cf. 7 Hen. VIII, c. 6; 24 Hen. VIII, c. 13), was soon challenged by the growth to power, in Tudor times, of the middle classes, with their virtues of sobriety and thrift. Here was a fertile breeding-ground of opposition to the stage. The objection, while partly moral, was not so much against the nature of the drama as against the conduct of the theatres. Unruly houses were a general nuisance, subversive of social order. The theatres, as yet only inn-yards, were particular instances of such disturbance. The conflict was the keener because on this battle-ground was concentrated the socially more important struggle between the City and the Court.

Parliament now began to intervene directly. Acts were passed regulating the movements of the actors, the internal conditions of the companies, and the status of the players.

The first definite restriction upon the actors was under 14 Elizabeth, c. 5. For the next twenty-five years wandering actors became the subject of anxious legislation, culminating in 39 Elizabeth, c. 4, under which Act such players became liable to treatment as rogues and vagabonds. So much discussion and disagreement was aroused during the next five years that further clarification was demanded, and, under 1 Jacobus I, c. 7, the offending clause was recapitulated and explained.

Meanwhile, in 1575, an Act of Common Council sought to close all the theatres within the City jurisdiction. The grievances alleged were as follows:

- (a) The occasioning of frays & quarrels.
- (b) The evil practices of inconsistency in great inns having chambers and secret places adjoining to their open stage & galleries.
- (c) The publishing of unchaste, uncomely, and unshamefast speeches and doings.
- (d) The withdrawal from Divine service on Sundays and holidays, at which time such plays are chiefly used.
- (e) The unthrifty waste of the money of the poor.
- (f) Robberies by picking of purses.
- (g) Uttering of popular busy and seditious matter.
- (h) Sundry slaughters & maiming of the Queen's subjects . . . by ruin of scaffolds, & by engines, weapons, & powder used in play.

To this list C. H. Herford adds, from another source: 'The danger of infection in times of epidemic.'³

Within the next ten years the moral opposition to the stage found forceful expression through the pen of Northbrooke (1577), Gosson (1579), and Stubbes (1583), who alleged indecency and profanity. From these facts it would appear that the attack chose to take its stand as much upon the conduct of the theatres and the status of the players as upon any moral or religious belief.

In 1606, 3 Jacobus I, c. 7, turned its attention to the script of the play, being addressed against blasphemy. The profane use of the name of God, Christ, the Holy Ghost, or the Trinity was forbidden under penalty of a ten-pound fine.

In 1625 an Act (1 Chas. I, c. 1) was passed forbidding the performance of plays on Sundays. Although the Act was operative for one year only, the fact that it was passed in spite of the known sympathies of the King, in the first year of his reign, clearly indicates the pressure of a section of public opinion not without power.

Custom demands that the Puritans be blamed for this growing hostility to the stage, but this epithet 'Puritan' has been used so loosely that it has lost precise significance. According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, the word appears a few times before the ecclesiastical controversy was heard of, and was an English equivalent for the *Chatharoi* of Church History. It was applied to those who laid claim to a special purity of life by extreme asceticism. As such, Puritanism was no more than a recrudescence of a phenomenon frequent in the history of all peoples, and whose severest manifestations had been in the Roman Catholic Church itself.

In sixteenth-century England the name was descriptive of the men bent on carrying the Protestant Reformation to a further point. These men were Calvinists, and as such were not uncompromisingly opposed to the drama. But the Theocracy did lead the clergy to claim the right to influence the municipal authorities to suppress by secular force whatever failed to conform with their ethical standards. This right was exercised against playhouses in particular. Special exception was taken to the exchanging of sex-costume involved in the playing of female characters by boys, which was considered to be absolutely prohibited by Deuteronomy 22. 'A woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for whosoever doeth these things is an abomination unto the Lord thy God.'

In the first half of the seventeenth century, the name 'Puritan' became attached rather to that political party which contended for the constitutional rights and liberties of the people against the encroachments of the Crown.

The onslaught was 'Puritan' only in the more general interpretation of 'rigorist and self-mortifying'. The Puritan as thus described would claim to stand for the absolute supremacy of God's will in all the details of life, communal as well as individual. His opponent would describe him as needlessly strict in his application of that claim. In the seventeenth century the term was generally accepted as descriptive of all who attempted a greater sobriety of life than was conventional. Such a definition would include the moral attitudes of the ecclesiastical and political Puritans, but if extended to all those who distrusted and opposed the arts it becomes a libel, albeit of ancient pedigree.

There were those, however, allying themselves with the Puritans, who qualified as fanatics against the arts, and against the drama in particular. The pitiful story

of William Prynne is now familiar. 'Histriomastix' cast its net wider (with reticulations minuter!) than any of its predecessors. Two 'Tragedies', of which the first is the main strength of the attack, constitute the form of the book. The first 'Tragedy' contains eight acts, each with eight scenes. The scenes usually open with a syllogistic statement, authoritatively supported. The argument thus advances solidly and securely.

The allegations are that plays originate in heathen worship of the Devil, that the subject-matter is evil, that the actors are wicked, the counterfeit becoming actual, that audiences are unchristian, that the influence is degrading, leading to waste of time and money, exciting carnal desire both of lust and murderous intent, desecration of the Sabbath and other social evils. The testimonies of the Ancient and Modern authors and of Christian edicts by the Church Fathers are marshalled in grim-visaged battalions.

With the beginning of the Civil War came the closing of the theatres on 2nd September 1642. Not all public entertainments ceased under the new régime, and the publication of plays proceeded unabated, but the actual performances of plays was forbidden. The main reasons, however, had been supplied already by good Anglicans like Stubbes, as much as by the Puritans themselves. Further Acts were passed in October 1647 and February 1648.

Apparently at a stroke in 1660 Puritan power was destroyed and Merrie England re-established. Although politically defunct, the Puritan attitude and influence lived on in the prosperous middle-classes as a centre of moral resistance to all libertine reaction, and later provided a constituency to support the critics of the Restoration drama.

In March 1662, after a lapse of twenty years, the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre was reopened, and a new type of play appeared upon its boards. The return of the Court at the Restoration brought fashions in behaviour that were strange to England. During the interregnum a convention of platonic gallantry had become established amongst the Cavaliers, and the theatre, which depended for the most part upon the patronage of the Court for its subsistence, naturally tended to depict the behaviour of that small, aristocratic social group. The divorce therein between life and reality, the inconsistency between platonic convention and Court practice provided the material *par excellence* for social comedy. The regulation of morals as well as manners by an intricate code afforded opportunities for comic situations, 'both when awkwardly misinterpreted' (as by the moneyed classes playing the polite social game), 'and when completely fulfilled through personalities to which, however, it could not give complete expression . . . Restoration comedy portrays a specialized society which enforces a standard of its own, quite opposed to the standards of the normal outside world.'³ Within this society two types of individual are contrasted, those who successfully support that standard, and those who, failing in the attempt, become ludicrous.

This comedy is not merely 'a temporary aberration of English comic drama'.⁴ While in some ways the society it reflected was isolated from the stream of normal life, yet it was not uninfluenced by the scientific, questioning attitude to life expressed in the founding of the Royal Society in 1662. Social experiment was possible in this coterie divorced from responsibilities. One of the first, because one of the most urgent, problems to arise concerned sexual ethics. Experiments attempting to rationalize human relationships were becoming common. The

separation of affection and sexual desire was essayed, so that jealousy and fidelity alike looked ridiculous.

This society provided the situations for the comic dramatists. For success in pleasing audiences and making a living, they had to adapt themselves to this new attitude to life, and to express it. The view that they aimed to promote the new spirit of scientific inquiry can hardly be taken seriously.

Another social change affected diction. The coffee-house and the drawing-room, parallels to the Paris salon, with polite conversation as chief occupation, entered social life. 'Wit', dubbed 'linguistic measles' by William Archer, was an experiment in tempering weapons for subtle verbal duels. The influence of the Royal Society itself was on the side of clarity and elegant precision in statement. Words became instruments to dissect and analyse, adequate for prose and for criticism, for satire and scepticism. The bandying of words is a sport that needs an atmosphere of detachment, of abstraction from ordinary moral codes whose rules hamper the game, or at best add piquant hazards. Both matter and manner, therefore, are likely to offend those who take life seriously. Tragedy, the artistic expression of the eternal conflict, is naturally more acceptable to the religious moralist. Comedy's conflict is hodiernal. It mirrors the surface of life, dealing with manners rather than morals, or, as Schlegel suggests, with the morality of consequences rather than of motives.⁴

No doubt in appraising the moral effect of Restoration plays, the critic must avoid at least two errors: the first, to bundle all into one homogeneous category, and consign them, lock, stock, and barrel, to the everlasting bonfire; the second, to detach, isolate, and subject to too scrupulous a scrutiny, particular phrases and scenes. Nevertheless, however unbiasedly one seeks to explain or charitably to justify the standards of behaviour portrayed in the Restoration drama, the total suggestion is that ordinary moral standards can be ignored with impunity, that those who observe them are dull, morose, or hypocritical, while immorality is attractive, clever, and amusing.

Witness to this effect comes not only from those officially recognized as moral reformers, but from such an influential man of the world as the diarist Evelyn. He explains in his diary for 18th October 1666, after noting his attendance at Court for the performance before their Majesties of Lord Broghill's tragedy 'Mustapha', that he very seldom goes 'to the public theatres for many reasons now, as they were abused to an atheistical liberty; foul and indecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act, who inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some their wives. Witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, Prince Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families, and ruin of both body and soul.' No doubt the introduction of women to the stage offended the conservative, and allowance must be made for the shock of any departure from custom. But the testimony and the deduction agree: the effect of the stage on social conduct was bad.

The connexion of stage depiction and actual life was suggested more powerfully by the development toward realism. Expressive possibilities latent in the new stage apparatus, after their abortive use for securing the utmost scenic marvel in the Heroic Drama, found outlet in the 'Comedy of Manners'. The actual performance, with its realistic scenery, gave the lie to Charles Lamb's defence of the plays as

fairylands 'out of which our coxcombical moral sense is for a little transitory ease excluded'. The boards portray an existence the auditorium is beckoned to share, as the epilogue added in 1691 to 'Marriage-a-la-Mode' (published eighteen years previously) clearly, though ironically, suggests:

Thus have my spouse and I informed the nation,
And led you all the way to Reformation.
Not with dull morals, gravely writ, like those
Which men of easie phlegme with care compose.
Your poet's of stiff words, and limber sense,
Born on the confines of indifference.
But by examples drawn, I dare to say,
From most of you who hear, and see, the play.

But yet too far our Poet would not run,
Though 'twas well-offer'd, yet was nothing done.
He would not quite the Woman's frailty bare,
But stript 'em to the waste, and left 'em there.

Our modest author, thought it was enough
To cut you off a sample of the stuff.
He spar'd my shame, which you, I'm sure would not,
For you were all for driving on the plot:
You sigh'd when I came in to break the sport,
And set your teeth when each design came short.

Any diagnosis which isolates the theatre as the cause of immorality and profaneness must, nevertheless, be inaccurate. The constituency was too small. While there were ten or eleven theatres open in the reign of Elizabeth, and still more under her successor, there were in the more profligate reign of Charles the Second but two. The Plague of 1665 and the Fire of 1666 had made social confusion worse confounded. In the former year the Lord Mayor and aldermen issued an order that 'all plays, bear-baitings, games, singing of ballads, buckler-play, or such like causes of assemblies of people be utterly prohibited, and the parties offending severely punished by every alderman in his ward'.⁶ In the latter year the Fire closed the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields till Christmas, when it was reopened by Davenant.⁷ In spite of the attraction of women taking female parts instead of boys, and in spite of the histrionic genius of Bracegirdle and Betterton, it was found necessary in 1684 to unite the two remaining companies.⁸

The struggle for the power to censor is obscure, but the Lord Chamberlain seems to have had general control of the actors. 'In all letters patent for acting plays since the time of Charles the First, no mention was made of the Lord Chamberlain, yet he was still considered as having an absolute, though an undefinable authority over the stage, which he had occasionally exercised.'⁹ Sometimes the Lord Chamberlain interfered in the internal arrangements of the theatrical companies, as when actors who had been lured from one company to another by divers inducements were ordered to return for a while to their original company (cf. the Lord Chamberlain's Archives). The King himself intervened in 1667 when a character in Howard's 'The Change of Crowns' abused him to his face: the actor was thrown into prison and the theatre closed.

In 1678 appeared Rymer's 'Tragedies of the Last Age Considered' in a letter to Fleetwood Shephard. Rymer guided Collier's critical views, and in his emphasis on 'the rules' and the authority of the ancients was illustrative of the critical outlook of the times. Portents of a change are clearly foreshadowed by Dryden's comment in the margin: 'It is not enough that Aristotle said so.'

Isolated complaints on the grounds of indecency begin to manifest themselves. Robert Wolseley, in his preface to Rochester's *Valentinian* of 1685, admits that satire, 'that most needful part of our poetry' has grown corrupt. 'Tis thought as glorious a piece of gallantry by some of our modern sparks to libel a woman of honour, as to kill a constable who is doing his duty.'

Wolseley finds two types of gallants, the one consisting of the common slanderers who fling dirt at everybody, while the other, more mischievously malicious, 'is made to wound where it ought to defend and cover where it should expose'. In short, it calls evil, good, and good, evil. Yet Wolseley does not deplore the low themes. He assumes that the test of a good poet has hitherto been his manner of treating his subject: 'For an ill poet will deprese and disgrace the highest, so a good one will raise and dignify the lowest.'

When this protest was uttered, Etherage, Dryden, and Wycherley had been writing for nearly twenty years, and in 1686 came a further indictment of the stage, this time in the form of penitence by Dryden. Somewhat over-written yet with a strain of sincerity, the 'Ode to the Pious Memory of Mrs Anne Killigrew is fiercely remorseful.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy Heavenly Gift of Poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use, . . .
Oh wretched We! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay, added fat Pollutions of our own)
T'increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage?
What can we say t'excuse our *Second Fall*?

The issue between art and morals as focused on the stage was still in doubt. Conflict, repression, reaction had followed one after another, and the reaction was running its course. Within two years events on the larger stage of history had shaped a political scene more favourable to the antagonists of the theatre, and a further bout of controversy, unique in the annals of the English drama, was soon to follow.

T. D. MEADLEY

¹ *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, I. 510.

² *Sketch of English Drama in Social Aspects*, pp. 60-1.

³ K. Lynch, *The Social Mode of Restoration Comedy*, pp. 7, 216.

⁴ G. Montgomery, *The Challenge of Restoration Comedy*, p. 151.

⁵ M. Elwin, *Playgoer's Handbook to Restoration Drama*, p. 19.

⁶ Quoted in *Journal*, Defoe.

⁷ C. W. Heckethorn, *Lincoln's Inn Fields and Localities Adjacent*, pp. 150-6.

⁸ C. Cibber, *Apology*; Ch. 4.

⁹ Coxe, op. cit. Qy: *ibid.*, p. 513.

A GREEK POET AND A HEBREW PROPHET

IN A VERY ingenious and noteworthy paper, Dr F. M. Heichelheim draws attention to a remarkable parallel between the prophet Isaiah and the Greek lyric poet Alcaeus. The discovery¹ deserves further consideration and fuller investigation. It is not one of the petty discussions on priority and superiority, originality or borrowing, so frequent in comparative studies of religion and literature, which are often futile and mostly lead nowhere. If, however, the connexion between the Hebrew seer and the Lesbian poet can be established, new vistas are opened here for students of biblical literature and ancient history.

Dr Heichelheim compares Isaiah 51-4 with a poem of Alcaeus.² The Greek text (in an English translation) reads:

For already the time has passed from you,
and all the fruit there was, has been gathered.

The hope was that the vine branch

for it was good,

would bear not a few branches of grapes,

but now it was too late.

For though the landowners *expected* such clusters from the vine,

I am afraid that they have gathered unripe grapes, which are too sour.

Let us put the words of Isaiah (in English) side by side with this Greek Text.

1. Now will I sing to my well-beloved a song of my beloved touching his vineyard. My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill:

2. and he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a wine-press therein: *and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes.*

3. And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem, and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard.

4. What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?

The similarity of the passages rests on the hope of the owner that the vine would bear good fruits, but instead the vineyard brought forth wild or sour grapes.

The question which arises is this: What opportunity had the Lesbian lyricist to become acquainted with the words of the Hebrew seer. The latter was older than the Greek poet, and the form of the song of the vineyard in Isaiah is also more elaborate and original than the terse simile in the poem by Alcaeus. If there is a dependence at all, and not a natural parallel based on observation of everyday experience in agricultural life, then a bridge must be spun between the Hebrew and Greek writings. Moreover, it has to be assumed that the Greek writer could find access to Chapter 5 of the Book of Isaiah? It is too much to assume that Alcaeus could read or understand Hebrew. What connexion could have existed between Hellas and Judea in the sixth century B.C.? Luckily, we have some evidence of close contact which may throw light on new and further literary parallels and intellectual intercourse between the two leaders of thought and literature in ancient times. The poet speaks of his brother, *Antimenidas*, who joined the Babylonian army as a mercenary (under King Nebuchadrezzar the Second), took part in the siege of Jerusalem, saw the destruction of the Temple, and, decorated with the insignia of victory, returned to his native town. The home-coming of the warrior

was celebrated by his brother in a poem, which still survives. The poet writes: 'You have come from the end of the earth, with an ivory-bound hilt on your sword. Fighting with the Babylonians you achieved a great feat, and saved them from their troubles, slaying a fighting man, who lacked only a single span from five royal cubits in height.' It is, for our purpose at least, irrelevant, how far this description of the gallant officer is true or not. Perhaps some of the praises are the natural exaggeration of a suitable 'after-dinner speech'. Yet, some points are noteworthy. The hero served in the Babylonian Army in Palestine; He distinguished himself and was decorated with an ivory-bound hilt on his sword. The battle was a hard one and Antimenidas took a lion's share in the fighting—or at least so he may have boasted after his return, as warriors at all times are apt to do. To add to his glory, he depicts his opponent as a giant, a mighty hero like the Anakim, or Og, the king of Bashan, or Goliath. Whether these giants, defending Judea, were Israelites or fellow-mercenaries of the Greeks, cannot be established. It is not at all unlikely that the demobilized and discharged warrior brought with him from the East more than his military decoration (the ivory-bound hilt on his sword), something more valuable—some influence of Eastern thought on Western ideas. Besides long tales of his gallantry and prowess, the Lesbian mercenary may have talked to his friends and relatives, around the fire in the winter, and on the bench outside the cottage in the summer, of his experiences and achievements. Among other things, he surely narrated to them tales about those peculiar Israelites against whom he had fought, and gave an account of their religion and laws, prophets and singers, priests and Levites. Among other wise sayings the soldier may have remembered the maxim of the expected grapes which turned into sour grapes. The parable and the song may have been impressed on the army by some shrewd 'propagandist' who tried to convince the more superstitious soldier that the God of these people Himself had given them up and did not hide His disappointment in them. When the poet listened to the words of his brother he may have made use of the simile by applying it to his own experiences of life. He also had a friend who, by his activity and influence, promised to help him in distress and exile. Yet his hope was frustrated, his expectations disappointed—for his friend either let him down or was unsuccessful in his attempts at rescuing him.

In biblical literature the 'vine-tree' is often used as symbolic for the people of Israel. The classical passage is Psalm 80. 'A vine-tree hast Thou removed from Egypt, Thou didst drive out the nations, and didst plant them (in their place).' The later teachers of Judaism, having acquired a thorough knowledge of planting and tending the vine-tree, carried this symbol very far indeed. Thus, they see in Israel a people before whom the nations had to make way, and Israel was planted in their place.

Secondly, the kings ruling in Palestine had to be uprooted and only afterwards could the Israelites settle there. Like the vine-trees, which have to be planted in separate rows, so Israel dwells in camps, the tribes separated from one another. Like the vine-tree, Israel is the lowest of all the trees in this world. Yet in the world to come, his will be the dominion from one end of the world to the other. Like the vine-tree, Israel brings forth one righteous man, who holds sway over the whole world (Leviticus, i. ch. XXX.VI.2). Some of these comparisons are rather artificial. Sixteen such resemblances are catalogued. It was suggested that the conception of Jesus' self-estimation as the 'true vine-tree' (John 15₁) is a survival of primitive

ideas of worship of the vine-tree.¹ I. Scheftelowitz rightly rejected this assumption, for Judaism does not offer any evidence for such a religious conception. All the reports in Mishnah and Josephus and others referring to a 'vine-tree' in the Temple of Jerusalem go back to the long-accepted and current symbolism of the vine-tree as Israel, based on the passage cited from the Psalmist². Those sixteen comparisons between Israel and the vine-tree have the same aim and also the same value as the more modern historical attempt to explain this symbolism. When Jesus called himself the true vine-tree, he probably meant: I am a true Israelite!

This leads us somewhat too far from our starting-point. The suggestion put forward in this essay would be strengthened by linking up a further passage in the poet's works with the prophet. I mean Alcaeus' condemnation of drunkards and drunkenness.³ The Greek writer says:

The boy gathers the jars violently,
and fills the cups with unmixed vine.
By day and by night the plashing sounds,
where often the law

That fellow did not forget these things so soon as he made
his first upset,
for all night he set them going,
and the bottom of the flagon rang.
Do you who are a son of such a woman,
have the renown as such as free men,
born from noble parents?

The text and meaning of these lines are not quite clear to me. The writer abuses drunkards. They drink day and night, as in Isaiah 5.11f. The prophet exclaims: 'Woe unto them that rise up early and pursue strong drink', in the darkness of the night, the vine kindles them.' It is only as one would expect from austere moralists or political reformers that they should strongly condemn drunkenness, whether the drunkards mentioned are of the tribe of Ephraim or intemperate Lesbians. It may be natural if both speak of habitual drunkards wasting their days and nights in such a low and ignoble life. But what may give more and higher colour to the rebuke of both the prophet and the lyric poet, is the attack on plebeian habits. The words of Isaiah culminate in the terse and expressive sentence: 'and the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled.' Perhaps, the obscure words of the poet aim at the same idea, namely the vulgarity of the plebeian habit, which degrades the plebeian and spoils the aristocrat. However tentative these comparisons and explanations may be, the possibility of the knowledge of the words of Isaiah by the Greek lyric writer in the sixth pre-Christian century, when no Septuagint or other version was available, deserve fuller consideration.

A. MARMORSTEIN

¹ *Vide Cambridge University Reporter*, 29th May, 1945.

² *Vide C. M. Bowra, Greek Lyric Poetry from Alcman to Simonides* (Oxford 1936), p. 182.

³ *ibid.*, p. 160.

⁴ *Vide C. Cleman, Die Reste der primitiven Religionen in ältesten Christentum* (1906), p. 56.

⁵ *Vide Monatschrift*, LXV.115f.

⁶ *Vide Bowra, op. cit.*, p. 157.

⁷ cf. "unmixed vine" in the Greek poem.

LYTTON STRACHEY AND HIS TREATMENT OF RELIGION

IT IS somewhat strange to regard Lytton Strachey as a character in past history, somebody to be lectured upon or considered in relationship to his day. He died as long ago now as 1931 and the war has cut across the generation which he knew. But his few books were written with such brilliance and choice that they have still been read and have influenced opinion in some quarters throughout the intervening years. As a result, the thin piping voice has continued to speak and has led to a host of imitations. The question which at once arises is that of the extent of the lasting cultural contribution which Strachey has made. His first book, *Landmarks in French Literature*, published in the Home University Library in 1912, was not only a sparkling piece of work, but it helped to define the author. He was a man of the eighteenth century, critic, and realist; he was also more at home with the French than the English point of view. From this early study, Strachey turned to history. In 1918, he became famous as the author of *Eminent Victorians*, a series of four incisive essays in which he set out to study the psychological background of the great Victorians. His next book, *Queen Victoria*, followed up the attack with a critical study of the old Queen herself. *Books and Characters* appeared in 1922, and introduced the world to Strachey's deep knowledge of both English and French culture. Turning to the Elizabethan period, he wrote *Elizabeth and Essex* in 1928, an extremely able book, but scarcely up to the standard of its predecessors, for Strachey was not naturally at home in the sixteenth century. His last book, *Portraits in Miniature*, appeared in the year of his death. It has since been followed by a further collection, *Caricatures and Commentaries*, in which an essay is reprinted where Strachey defined and defended his negative position toward the first world war.

In each of the volumes Strachey follows the same technique. His interest was in the past and it is from that past that he draws forth his material to express his judgements upon human motives. He did not seek to write history in close detail. In order to accumulate the material for *Eminent Victorians*, Strachey was forced to surround himself with Blue-books and the whole equipment of the professional historian, standard biographies, and the like. Yet the result is not a history: it is a study designed by a miniature painter. Strachey was not a mere caricaturist seeking to bring out a few dominating features into bold relief. An acid pen enabled him to produce an etching by narrating certain typical events and leaving those incidents to burn into the mind of the reader. Nor was he a satirist, seeking to expose some character by means of ridicule. As Max Beerbohm has well said: 'The vein of mockery was very strong in him certainly, and constantly asserted itself in his writings. A satirist he was not. Mockery is a light and lambent, rather an irresponsible thing. . . . Strachey was always ready to mock what he loved. In mockery, there is no malice. In satire, there may be plenty of it.'¹ The mocking tones introduced a new attitude into the writing of history and sought to reconstruct the past by means of personalities viewed in the light of acid and anecdotal method.

In his studies, it was necessary for Strachey to take account of religion. The Victorian world was an intensely theological age because it was steeped in a certain Protestant approach to life which exhausted much of its energy in fighting against the Catholic movement thrown up by the Romantic Revival. Victorian ethics, at any rate in middle-class circles, were apt to possess a stern and Old Testament

sanction. Not a little of the contemporary excitement was provided by religious controversy, the ritualistic movement, the battle between the religionists and the scientists, Broad Church neology, the Bradlaugh struggles, and the rest. As Strachey surveyed the period, he was forced to take account of its religious motives and its theological movements. He was an agnostic himself, but his sense of realism prevents him from reading his own subjective opinions into the world of his choice. The eminent Victorians whom he studied each had definite opinions upon religion. Cardinal Manning summed up in his life and character the reborn Catholicism of the Oxford Movement and of Victorian England. Dr Arnold was not only the founder of the modern public school, but also of the moderate Broad Church party and was a figure of horror to the Tractarians. Florence Nightingale was a broad and muscular Christian whose gospel of grit combined with quasi-Unitarian opinions so remote from the theology of the New Testament, was not unlike those of her friend, Dr Jowett of Balliol. General Gordon was an Evangelical, given to queer speculations based upon the biblical prophecies. Without wandering into the strange world of dissent and negation, these four characters provided a good background to the religious controversies which perplexed the time.

Nor could Strachey escape the religious issue when he turned to study the old Queen herself. Victoria was a strong Protestant, always writing to bishops or to her favourite Dean Stanley concerning the enormities of ritualists, and favouring the Presbyterian establishment in Scotland. It is doubtful whether any of her Anglican chaplains reached the level attained in her esteem by Dr Norman McCleod. She considered that the English Reformation did not go far enough, and set out to repair the lapse. Again, Albert was nothing less than 'Albert the Good'. His confirmation in Coburg called for comment and description. Strachey found it most amusing in the light of the entertainment which the ecclesiastical event gave to the inhabitants of Coburg. As he regarded the Queen's piety, he could not resist a smile which at least, by its naive manner, suggested criticism: Her piety, absolutely genuine, found what it wanted in the sober exhortations of old John Grant and the devout saws of Mrs P. Farquharson. They possessed the qualities which, as a child of fourteen, she had so sincerely admired in the Bishop of Chester's *Exposition of the Gospel of St. Matthew*; they were 'just plain and comprehensible and full of truth and good feeling.' The Queen who gave her name to the Age of Mill and of Darwin never got any farther than that.¹

The same vein of criticism appears in Strachey's description of King Philip in *Elizabeth and Essex*, picturing himself as holy, the chosen instrument of the Divine, ready when his earthly duties were finished to ascend to a position in Heaven equal to that occupied by the Holy Trinity. The historian turned to compiling *Portraits In Miniature*, and drew neatly graven etchings of six historians. One of them was the Anglican Bishop, Dr Creighton. The portrait is dignified; Strachey clearly appreciated the vast learning possessed by the historian of the Medieval Papacy. But he is faintly amused at the interest shown by the middle-class Victorian Englishman in the vices of the Borgias. Nor can his mockery remain silent upon Creighton's earnest and well-meant efforts to translate historical theories of medieval ecclesiastical administration into his contemporary dealings with Kensitites and ritualists. The memory of Creighton calls up visions of the past:

One passes down the mouldering street of Ferrara, and reaches an obscure church. In

the half-light, from an inner door, an elderly humble nun approaches, indicating with her *patois* a marble slab in the pavement—a Latin inscription—the grave of Lucrezia Borgia. Mystery and oblivion were never united more pathetically. But there is another flash, and one is on a railway platform under the grey sky of England. A tall figure hurries by, spectacled and bearded, with swift clerical legs, and a voice—a competent, commanding, yet slightly agitated voice—says sharply: 'Where's my black bag?'

In regarding these various figures, it was impossible at times for Strachey not to mock. Cardinal Manning represented a grim world, that of ecclesiastical power. He was a man of undeviating ambition, wholly translating personal motives into a belief that he was serving the will of God. The identification of God and power which Manning made in practical life, his readiness to use others as mere puppets for the attaining of results which he believed to be God's will, called forth all of Strachey's irony. Events took to themselves a Divine purpose in Manning's eyes which would not always so be interpreted by others:

When Mrs Manning prematurely died, he was at first inconsolable, but he found relief in the distraction of redoubled work. How could he have guessed that he would come one day to number that loss among 'God's special mercies'? Yet so it was to be. In after years, the memory of his wife seemed blotted from his mind; he never spoke of her; every letter, every record, of his married life he destroyed; and when word was sent to him that her grave was falling into ruin, 'It is best so,' the Cardinal answered; 'let it be. Time effaces all things.' But, when the grave was yet fresh, the young Rector would sit beside it, day after day, writing his sermons.⁴

So Strachey pursues the life of Manning. Nothing escapes his eye, and the reader is led step by step from the Anglican archdeaconry of Chichester to the Cardinal's Hat at Westminster. There was even a moment when Manning almost became Pope. The reader is introduced to his close friend at the Vatican, Mgr Talbot; he is reminded of Talbot's sad end in a mad-house and that Manning had dropped him when he was of no further service to his plans. The quarrel of Manning with Newman is sketched brilliantly in all of its acidity and bitterness. But the path is to lead finally into dust:

And he who descends into the crypt of that Cathedral which Manning never lived to see, will observe, in the quiet niche with the sepulchral monument, that the dust lies thick on the strange, the incongruous, the almost impossible object which, with its elaborations of dependant tassels, hangs down from the dim vault like some forlorn and forgotten trophy—the Hat.⁵

As Max Beerbohm sums up Strachey's treatment of Manning: 'Nor did his love of exercising his own judgement move him to dissent from that of Purcell, the biographer of Cardinal Manning. He was essentially, congenitally, a Newman man. Who among us isn't?'⁶ Certainly it should always be recalled that Strachey is no more severe in his judgement than the author of the standard biography of the ruthless Cardinal.

It cannot be said that Strachey's other figures of Victorian eminence fare much better at his hands than does Manning. There is a faint hint of mockery concerning Arnold's ideals for his public-school system. 'A Christian and an Englishman' is a phrase which, used in the sense that Arnold approved, rouses all of Strachey's ire. Implying as it does, priggishness in all its horrors, it explains how the evolution of the prig has been one of the results of Arnold's work within English education.

It is doubtful whether the educational advances by this age to be faced during the next fifty years of the century will leave very much of it unaltered:

The earnest enthusiast who strove to make his pupils Christian gentlemen and who governed his school according to the principles of the Old Testament has proved to be the founder of the worship of athletics and the worship of good form. Upon these two poles our public schools have turned for so long that we have almost come to believe that such is their essential nature, and that an English public schoolboy who wears the wrong clothes and takes no interest in football is a contradiction in terms. Yet it was not so before Dr Arnold; will it always be so after him? We shall see.⁷

Florence Nightingale had obtrusive qualities of determination and grit which annoyed Strachey. He could not be other than slightly amused by the bustling little lady who commenced by worshipping Dr Jowett as a saint and ended by being frankly bored with the conversation of the Master of Balliol. 'He talks to me as if I were somebody else,' she complained bitterly! Her work was her life and she revealed a species of Carlyle's gospel of labour and honest toil which, though popular enough in Victorian England, is apt to end in the unlovely utilitarianism that is always the *nadir* of muscular Christianity. In the same way, poor General Gordon ceases to be quite the figure that he appeared to the generation who reviled Mr Gladstone's delays as the cause of his murder by the Mahdi's troops. A strange figure, he combined incipient dipsomania with religious delusion to a remarkable degree. He was a close student of the text of the Bible and anxious to discover the original site of the Garden of Eden:

But the Holy Bible was not his only solace. For now, under the parching African sun, we catch glimpses, for the first time, of Gordon's hand stretching out toward stimulants of a more material quality. For months together, we are told, he would drink nothing but pure water; and then . . . water that was not so pure.⁸

So Gordon perished at the hands of the Mahdi. Thirteen years later, after the battle of Omdurman, when the Mahdi's empire was destroyed, he was given a gigantic memorial service:

The service was conducted by four chaplains—of the Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist persuasions—and concluded with a performance of 'Abide with me'—the General's favourite hymn—by a select company of Sudanese buglers. . . . At any rate, it had all ended very happily—in a glorious slaughter of twenty thousand Arabs, a vast addition to the British Empire, and a step in the Peerage for Sir Evelyn Baring.⁹

The question which arises out of this characteristic treatment of the religious implications of his subject is that of the validity of Strachey's approach. To the less critical, it seemed that he was merely engaged in taking coats of whitewash from long-venerated figures. In short, to use the slang phrase, he was only a 'debunker'. But this judgement is clearly superficial and untrue: it ignores the vein of true mockery and misreads it as savage satire. Strachey was never either silly or vulgar, and this fact acquits him of the charge. 'The vulgar term, "a debunker," the term that the average writer or talker cursorily applies to Strachey, is not only vulgar, it is also silly.'¹⁰ In the same way, it is also unsatisfactory to dismiss Strachey, as does Mirsky, with the contemptuous cliché, 'Bloomsbury!' It is difficult to know what this cliché is really intended to convey. Strachey certainly belonged to that Bloomsbury set which included, among others, Virginia Woolf. His own mocking tones had their reflection in Virginia Woolf's essay on Archbishop Thomson, the Victorian Archbishop of York, contained in *The Common*

Reader. If the cliché means that Strachey possessed the scorn of the civilized man for elements of the primitive which are built up into some aspects of conventional life, the charge is certainly true. Strachey's mind was essentially civilized; he was therefore under no delusions concerning the half-civilized and their dangerous influence upon the social structure. Max Beerbohm is willing to agree that Strachey was an escapist and took little interest in contemporary events. But his civilized escapism does not, of necessity, show a warping of judgement. It may well mean that he possessed a sense of sound assessment, whether in sentiment or in ideology. His task was that of the miniature painter, and not that of the social reformer. It was accomplished when he had etched the portrait of man as he has been in various past ages. Far from being fittingly used as a hackneyed cliché, the meaning of 'Bloomsbury' denotes, on the contrary, a valuable intellectual and cultural element in latter-day life which has rescued it from the danger of complete domination or the half-educated and the semi-civilized. Whether Strachey's work be considered in connexion with religion or politics, its astringent qualities were an important component within this process.

A more serious charge concerning Strachey and religion was that levelled against him in *The Criterion Miscellany* for July 1929, and examined by Dr K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar in his invaluable monograph, *Lytton Strachey*, published by Chatto & Windus in 1939. It is urged against Strachey that he merely sneers when religion is mentioned. He is unwilling to trouble about the arguments for or against the Christian faith. He only opens his mouth and laughs as he laughed when he reminded the reader that the beautiful Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister, may have possessed a deep interest in theology, but that twice, even though acquitted, he had been a co-respondent in divorce suits. This type of criticism is simply infuriating to some of his readers.

It is perfectly legitimate for him upon due consideration to defend the Christian revelation and all that it involves and has involved. It is equally legitimate for him upon due consideration to attack it. But, it is not, and in the nature of things can never be, legitimate for him to dismiss it with a snigger.¹¹

But a remark of this type is far from being fully justified if, as may well be the case, Strachey does, in fact, no such thing. His criticisms are levelled, as Dr Srinivasa Iyengar sees clearly, against the half-believer, who erects some stereotype of his own as an oppressive system of belief and morality within which true faith and mysticism are dead. The same charge which is made against Strachey could be sustained with reasoning just as good, or just as bad, against H. L. Mencklin, J. G. Nathan, Aldous Huxley, and many writers of the period. They lived during a transition age. The old faiths were dead, and the new had yet to arise. As a result, there was a willingness by many to build up some conventional form from an imagined and half-forgotten past and to accept it as binding. The vices of the Victorians were still living, whilst the stern virtues were dead. It is exactly the same point which Willa Muir has raised concerning the survival, long after the death of the real Mrs Grundy with her Puritan and negative faith, of Mrs Mac-Grundy, her merely conventional sister. Strachey, it is important to remember, never castigates religious sincerity. Those who believed in the wholeness and uniqueness of Christianity, and not some merely formal or conventional part of it, were always free from the lash of Strachey's pen. His tolerance extends to those who have the courage to be completely true to themselves, but does not extend

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beyond it. Newman and Keble, though far removed from Strachey in belief, do not raise up in him for one single moment language of satire or snigger. As they looked upon the Church of England, they did not regard it in the light of Hanoverian Erastianism:

They saw a transcendent manifestation of Divine power, flowing down elaborate and immense through the ages; a consecrated priesthood, stretching back, through the mystic symbol of the laying-on of hands, to the very Godhead; a whole universe of spiritual beings brought into communion with the Eternal by means of wafers; a great mass of metaphysical doctrines, at once incomprehensible and of incalculable import, laid down with incomprehensible certitude; they saw the supernatural everywhere and at all times, a living force, floating invisible in angels, inspiring saints, and investing with miraculous properties the commonest material things.¹²

Such a reaction, far removed from satire, would seem to give the answer to some of the criticisms of his work. Strachey was a man of the eighteenth century: he was therefore a realist shaped by French models. His historical methods included a vein of mockery and of objectivity; he painted miniatures and, in the small space of his portrait, revealed the underlying motives of the human character involved. Far from sniggering, he was searching for the objective truths shaping the psychology of the individuals in whom he was interested. His method and approach, including the vein of mockery, forms an important manner of dealing with the differing parts played by Christian belief and religious faith within the history of periods and individuals.

Strachey was an eighteenth-century humanist who found his interests in all things human. He was therefore a sceptic, as such a humanist is bound to be. An acceptance of all things human implies their sceptical examination and the consideration of man in the light of the other and negative side of the medal. The glaring light which Strachey has managed to cast upon the religious psychology of some individuals or upon the manner in which others have used certain parts of Christianity for personal or social advancement raises the question whether this ripe humanism, with its vein of cynical scepticism, is not a necessary part of the make-up of the historian as he deals with the influence of religion upon history. If he ignores it, he is in every danger of becoming the mere enthusiast or propagandist, and of deserting the element of objectivity necessary to historical writing. Strachey has performed a twofold task, whether it be applied to religion or to other human questings. He has dethroned the theory that history depends upon the movements and activities of great men by asking how far any traditional greatness will stand the test of a critical and sceptical examination. But he has at the same time re-established something of a humanist approach by pointing out that history can only be understood in terms of human motives, however mixed these motives may be. It is in the light of this approach that Strachey illustrates the part which Christianity played during the Victorian period, speaking with quiet respect of a Keble and a Newman, with mocking scorn of a Manning and a Talbot, or with amused tolerance of a Florence Nightingale and a Dr Arnold.

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT

¹ Lytton Strachey (Cambridge: Rede Lecture, 1943), p. 12.

² Lytton Strachey, *Queen Victoria*, p. 88. ³ *idem*, *Portraits in Miniature*, p. 218.

⁴ *idem*, *Eminent Victorians*, p. 7. ⁵ *ibid.*, p. 112. ⁶ Beerbohm, *op. cit.*, p. 11.

⁷ Strachey, *Eminent Victorians*, p. 207. ⁸ *ibid.*, p. 226. ⁹ *ibid.*, p. 301.

¹⁰ Beerbohm, *op. cit.*, p. 10. ¹¹ *The Criterion*, July 1929, p. 660.

¹² Strachey, *Eminent Victorians*, pp. 14f; cf. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, *Lytton Strachey*, pp. 176f.

THE PREACHER'S SCRAPBOOK

Together with some Thoughts on Solitude

IN MANY English households of two generations ago the custom was observed of keeping a picture scrapbook in addition to an album of family photographs. The scrapbook would contain a kaleidoscopic collection of human beings, animals, flowers, birds, landscape features, and so on, all neatly cut out and pasted on its pages. The quaint figures and gorgeous colourings, underlined by pithy sayings and titles, never failed to fascinate the young; whilst a good scrapbook of well-chosen features possessed considerable educational value. We doubt whether this old custom is widely followed today but we know that the family scrapbook continued to amuse, interest, and instruct, growing sons and daughters long after they had left childhood behind. The scrapbook content may be quite different but the same idea has been acted upon in a more technical way in other spheres.

It is a well-known fact that numerous great writers of the past—especially those whose output was considerable—depended very largely for their stock-in-trade upon the scrapbooks and rough notebooks in which facts, ideas, anecdotes, and suggestions of all kinds, were accumulated through the years. A notable example came to light about a year ago with the publication of a biography of Martin Tupper,¹ that remarkable Victorian Evangelical and friend of Gladstone's, author of the one-time famous *Proverbial Philosophy*. The publisher's announcement revealed that 'throughout his life Tupper preserved in twenty-five scrapbooks, with complete impartiality to friend and foe, any newspaper cuttings and letters which he thought of interest, together with his own comments, and descriptions of outstanding events. It was the chance discovery of these scrapbooks in a Bloomsbury bookshop that suggested the writing of a biography which broadens our whole outlook on nineteenth-century England and America.' Such popular writers as George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, and Somerset Maugham, have in the same way furnished themselves with the essential raw materials of their craft. The well-known Yorkshire novelist, Miss Phyllis Bentley, recently acknowledged her indebtedness to the 'notebook habit' and stressed the value of its systematic cultivation. Her varied collection of newspaper cuttings, quotations from books read, snippets from conversations, bright ideas and stories noted down, often provided matter for a profitable article or the nucleus of a full-sized novel.*

Whilst a sermon is essentially different from a novel or a play in its genesis and purpose, in certain practical aspects the parallel holds good; hence it is not surprising that many experienced preachers in every generation, indulging in the same sensible habit, have come to regard their scrapbook as a most treasured personal possession. Its varied contents—though providing no substitute for such essential parts of sermon preparation as study, prayer, and meditation upon the Scriptures—have contributed substantially to the enrichment of their discourses and the effectiveness of their ministry.

This kind of thing, good and useful within reason, can of course be overdone; but every thoughtful and conscientious preacher is aware that a string of disconnected quotations, however fine, does not constitute a sermon—any more than does a series of irrelevant and rambling personal reminiscences, such as have occasionally passed under the guise of preaching. Yet it remains true that a telling

anecdote, an apt illustration, or a choice quotation from poet or writer, will often serve not merely to brighten an otherwise dull discourse but also to present the desired truth in a much more effective and attractive way. Our Lord frequently quoted passages from the Sacred Writings of His People to illustrate a point or adorn an argument, and it was His regular custom to use parable and story for the exposition of profound spiritual truth. Need any further justification be sought for the preacher's use today of the same method?

The young preacher will be wise, therefore, at the outset of his ministry to form the 'notebook habit', and to preserve in a well-cared-for scrapbook as much as he can of selected written and spoken matter suitable for sermon illustration and quotation. Whilst judicious selection is of prime importance, experience proves that relevant sayings and extracts which today appear almost worthless will often turn out to be 'pure gold' tomorrow. His most valuable reading will probably be from borrowed books; and unless some such method is adopted much of what is read will be lost, since few people (clergy and ministers included) possess a flawless memory. Some clerics fill the fly-leaves of their volumes with pencilled notes and subject headings, trusting the book itself to memory: this works fairly well as far as one's own books are concerned but it cannot serve for books that are borrowed. Others, again prefer to cover all their reading by means of a card-index system, but this becomes slightly laborious through the years and few men manage to keep it up to date.

To the man with open eyes and ears suitable scrapbook material will often come from the most unlikely sources: it is less a question of searching for it than of retaining it when in sight. In addition to the reading of books, newspapers and magazines of every kind offer a fruitful field; and, though the religious value is uppermost, numerous points of literary and historical interest constantly arise. Manifold factors enter in to affect an author's choice and use of words in which to express the ideas born in his mind. Much depends upon his immediate purpose in writing the book or poem, and—in the case of a play—upon the character and part assumed by the actor; the author's own angle of approach to his subject being ultimately determined by his accepted philosophy of life.

Just as the literary art displays various levels of attainment in relation to quality, so is diversity of outlook always in evidence. Despite occasional signs that 'great minds think alike' our prose and poetry more often present strange and novel views upon a single theme, views that are sometimes diametrically opposed. This complexity of expression adds spice to the search and pleasure to the success of the literary browser as he fills in the pages of his scrapbook. It is true also that the nature of any particular scrapbook contents will be according to the bent of its owner, reflecting his tastes and aptitudes, his preferences and dislikes. Some items will find a place in every preacher's scrapbook, maybe, but others will be found in yours or mine alone!

No cast-iron rules can be applied to scrapbook contents, or dogmatic limits set to its scope—every man to his own taste and inclinations! I am convinced of this, that compared with the numerous published volumes of quotations or references, a compilation of one's own gives far greater pleasure in possession and is likely to be much more useful. The list of page titles or subject-headings requires to be constantly extended to cover the growing harvest of one's ingatherings, and a progressive index is essential. After a few years of literary browsings in pastures

both secular and sacred, the preacher's scrapbook acquires a character and quality all its own. Eventually it will contain a considerable and not unattractive anthology on such subjects as Life, Happiness, Faith, Forgiveness, Friendship; or a pleasing page of prose extracts relating to Courage, Idealism, Prayer, Brotherhood, and Discipleship, to name but a few examples.

Another point of prime importance for the scrapbook method is that the source or authority should always, if possible, be recorded with the extract or quotation, in order that you may be able at need to 'verify your references'. Inasmuch as it will not always be possible, this advice may be dubbed a counsel of perfection. A secondary source—either spoken or written—is not seldom unreliable, and one's memory can play odd tricks with words. An important church magazine (which shall remain nameless) some time ago contained the oft-quoted verse from Philip James Bailey's poem *Festus*:

*We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.*

*We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.*

But alas! the lines were attributed to Shakespeare! Mistakes can always happen, and a careless error of that kind looks bad enough in print; but the preacher who errs is particularly liable to 'lose caste' since his congregation invariably includes someone who will be aware of the lapse from accuracy.

Where, owing to antiquity or obscurity, or inaccessibility of source, no proof of original authorship is now possible, secondhand evidence must be accepted as the best available. Careful and patient search is often necessary to ensure accuracy in scrapbook entries but the effort is well worth while and the time so spent often brings a rich reward. There are rare instances of two people writing or saying the same thing at approximately the same time; an interesting example of this occurs in William Hazlitt's essay *On Going a Journey*. Hazlitt was an erudite man of letters with a wide knowledge of contemporary literature, and this essay includes passages which are found also in the works of other writers. Thus the line 'never less alone than when alone' is used by Samuel Rogers—banker's son, essayist, and poet—in his poetical work *Human Life*, published in 1819. The question as to which originated the saying referred to is thus determined by the date of Hazlitt's essay! The preacher's scrapbook references may involve a certain amount of research.

Much more deserves to be said about the scrapbook—that invaluable Saturday-night friend in many a minister's study—but perhaps enough has been written to convey a general idea of its worth to the hard-pressed preacher, whether young or old. After a few years the scrapbook becomes a real time-saver, inasmuch as we have ready to hand a sure source of illustration and information for our manifold sermons and addresses. The whole subject may sound remote from the vital tasks confronting the preacher today; but actually it has a direct bearing upon his efficiency in the pulpit, which is a matter of prime importance. Anything that will help him to become what every conscientious preacher of the Gospel desires to be—a workman that needeth not to be ashamed—will promote the glory of God and the good of the whole Church.

Miss Phyllis Bentley, in describing the contents of some of her notebooks, mentioned one 'most secret and most cherished' wherein selected fiction themes and ideas awaited final shaping—into which 'most private and most precious book nobody can be admitted except myself'. The preacher's scrapbook likewise becomes a much-prized possession: costing little in actual cash it may well prove to be 'worth its weight in gold' throughout his pulpit ministry. The present writer knows at least one such 'private and precious' scrapbook that is in almost constant use, and he hopes that the following selections from one or two of its pages will prove of interest and profit to his readers. Let us see, then what our scrapbook offers concerning the subject of SOLITUDE.

In all our literature probably few subjects display a wider variety of treatment than that of Solitude—a comprehensive term capable of arousing varied emotions and intimately relevant to a broad range of human experiences, both temporal and spiritual. Some men have loved solitude—others have hated it! Many have found in it solace and comfort in time of trouble; others, aware of raging fires within their own hearts, have been afraid to face it! To many it has brought melancholy thoughts, in others it has restored vision and quickened inspiration; whilst one man, left alone, experiences deep distress of soul, another finds solitude a sure path to God.

Turning first to the relationship between SOLITUDE AND NATURE, how common it is for men to seek solitude in out-of-the-way places, in the vast open spaces of mountain and moorland, or on a desert island off some lonely coast, on rocks and crags by the sea shore? Escaping from the world of human society, they have sought what Katharine Tynan Hinkson called 'medicinal heartsease' through lonely contact with the world of nature. William Cowper gives fine utterance to this yearning for the solace of solitude:

*Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!*³

Nature's healing power in the quiet and solitary place is oft expressed. The wild grandeur of Scotland's mountain solitudes inspired Barbara McIntosh to write:

*I am tired of crowded cities,
And the toilsome works of men,
With their sordid shifts of commerce
And their arts of human ken;
But there's balm for bruised spirits
'Neath the wide and wind-tossed skies,
And I seek and find heart-healing
Where the grey mists rise.'*⁴

Men who love nature's solitude may perhaps be excused for imagining that away in thicket or jungle they can escape from the treachery and deceit that meet them so often in company. This is the sentiment expressed by Sir Philip Sidney:

*O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness!
 O how much do I like your solitariness!
 Here nor reason is hid, veiled in innocence,
 Nor envy's snaky eye, finds any harbour here,
 Nor flatterer's venomous insinuations.**

Yet the paradox is true that when men have retired to their solitary places they have not felt lonely. Most of them would agree with Epictetus that 'when a man has such things to think on, and sees the sun, the moon, and stars, and enjoys earth and sun, he is not solitary or even helpless'; but many would disavow Thoreau's sentiment: 'I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude.' The late Studdert Kennedy, speaking once about his own religious experience, put it thus: 'I stand on the edge of a cliff covered with heather, at night, with the sky and stars above me, and I am alone. The first essential fact of that loneliness is that I am not alone, and never can be, because I stand in the presence of the universe.'

This consciousness of SOCIETY IN SOLITUDE seems a strange response to a man's desire to be alone, almost a contradiction and defeat of his purpose; but perhaps strange only to the uninitiated, since our poets are familiar with it. Byron writes:

*There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea; and music in its roar.**

And again:

*In solitude, where we are least alone.**

The well-known couplet by Samuel Rogers makes the same claim:

*But there are moments which he calls his own;
 Then never less alone than when alone.**

A light novel, perused with no more than a passing interest, will often provide an impressive passage. One that was too good to miss came from my reading of *Paddy, the Next Best Thing*, some years ago: 'That which men call Solitude is in reality a wealth of deep companionship for those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear, and a soul of sympathy that can understand.'

The reverse idea of SOLITUDE AMID SOCIETY is presented by many authors and may be illustrated from everyday incidents. An old Greek proverb declares that 'a great city is a great solitude', a saying many times proved true. From Emerson comes the beautiful thought that 'the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude'.⁸ A certain London tailor went to live at Blackpool, fell on bad times and became friendless. This was his opinion: 'The loneliest place in the world if you are friendless is not London but a place like Blackpool in the summer. All around you are people making merry: you, with no money to spend, are all alone, surrounded by other people's laughter.'¹⁰

This unsought and unhappy kind of solitude is feelingly described in a verse

by Theda Kenyon, who suggests that it is not the absence of physical contacts but SOLITUDE OF HEART which really creates a sense of isolation:

*I have known loneliness
Blinding my eyes and pressing on my heart
In the frequented mazes of a mart
Amid the city's thought-confusing stress;
There in the seething press
Of vital needs and paths, I stood apart,
Conspicuous, ignored . . .*¹¹

There are many ordinary mortals who at times crave to be alone yet cherish a deep-seated fear of loneliness; some are able to keep it at arm's length by the various interests of life, such as religion, work, hobbies, or friendships. The friendly wagging of his dog's tail once saved the sanity of a man who, on being released from a long term of imprisonment, received no welcome from human kind. But every individual must fight certain battles by and for himself, and his inward condition may not be of the calibre to frustrate the feeling of isolation when it assails him. 'In all the chief matters of life'—writes Amiel in his famous *Journal Intimé*—'we are alone, and our true history is scarcely ever deciphered by others.'

Who can escape the enforced isolation that grips the human heart in moments of pain, grief, fear, boredom, or humiliation? Then indeed the Preacher of old is right, 'the heart knoweth his own bitterness';¹² and we, with Keats, despondently soliloquize:

*Heart! Thou and I are here, sad and alone.*¹³

At such times our sense of values may undergo a transformation; some of the things we once prized now perhaps counting for little in the changed mood:

*. . . Then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.*¹⁴

According to J. D. Sheridan, man's inmost heart may be either a private shrine or a lonesome prison-house from which even our loved ones are excluded:

*For who can know the full portend
Of those eternal things that echo chill
Within the cloistered spirit?
In that deep place there is a sanctuary,
A sacred shrine where no man ever comes,
A secret dwelling single-tenanted.
We are so lonely—all of us—
Each in his inmost heart seven times prisoner.*¹⁵

Prolonged awareness of heart-solitude must always be a severe trial, and it is too much to expect even the intellectual man or the saint to be exempt from occasional bouts. The verses of Gerard Manley Hopkins, priest and poet, reveal

a recurring sense of frustration with people and things—chiefly because all his most intense experience was solitary and linked with an exaggerated sensitiveness which frequently resented intrusion. Did not the great Dr Pusey for many years know and feel himself to be a solitary figure in the ecclesiastical world of his day? Thus numerous authors speak unkindly of solitude: some hate it, some fear it, and many regard it as A BANE RATHER THAN A BLESSING. Here are a few examples from our scrapbook! In his lines to 'Alexander Selkirk', the poet Cowper asks:

*O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?*

Plato has a sentence that might mean much: 'Overbearing austerity is always the companion of solitude.' The solitude that frees from care one day may bring trial and distress the next, according to Wordsworth:

*Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.¹⁰*

Dr Samuel Johnson, in his usual downright manner, brings a sweeping indictment against the man who loves solitude: 'The solitary man is certainly luxurious, probably superstitious, and possibly mad. The mind stagnates for want of employment, grows morbid, and is extinguished like a candle in foul air.'¹¹ One would be sorry to think that the famous dictionary compiler should so misconceive the meaning of solitude as to regard idleness as its necessary accompaniment.

Indoors and out-of-doors alike, lonely men may fear their own company or some imagined danger. Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' expresses his feelings thus:

*Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.¹²*

Strongly marked antipathy is shown in Lord Lytton's castigation:

*Alone!—that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard,
Yet all that poets sing and grief hath known,
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word ALONE!¹³*

Contrariwise, solitude is often regarded as a PRICELESS BOON to be sought and enjoyed, an enviable state conducive to mental peace, a condition friendly to all the finer qualities of human nature. Thus Milton asks:

*In solitude
What happiness? who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?¹⁴*

A passage from Young attaches a high character value to solitude:

*O lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone.*¹¹

Johnson's dictum about the effect of solitude upon the human mind can be readily rebutted. Emerson's saying that 'Men descend to meet' may be more curt than convincing. Lawrence Sterne, of *Sentimental Journey* fame, is more satisfying when he writes:

In solitude the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself; in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third. They all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection, and books.

Mr Lytton Strachey, author of *Famous Victorians*, pays a fine tribute to the genius of the Frenchman in these words: 'Rousseau, one feels, was the only man of his age who ever wanted to be alone. He understood that luxury, and the fascination of silence.'

But our scrapbook page takes us farther still as it points to the significant fact that for countless souls of men solitude has provided a sure PATHWAY TO GOD HIMSELF. Somehow, in solitude, man's innate longing for God gains in power, and human sensitiveness to the Divine Presence is increased. George Meredith strikes a chord that echoes within each of our hearts:

*Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.*¹²

John Clare's lines 'Written in Northampton County Asylum' are well-known:

*I long for scenes where man has never trod—
For scenes where woman never smiled, or wept—
There to abide with my Creator, God . . .*

Wordsworth, again, is aware that in solitude men are inspired by new vision and equipped with deeper insight:

*Impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.*¹³

The richest reward of what Brother Lawrence calls 'the Practice of the Presence of God' in the secret place belongs rightly to the soul that enters in faith and trust, though a greater change may be wrought in the life of the penitent sinner. When he is sick of the sight of his fellows, or his soul is in a state of turmoil, any man will benefit by a period of solitude; while for the religious man it is absolutely essential at frequent intervals. The late Professor A. N. Whitehead, author of *Religion in the Making*, declared that 'Religion is what the individual does with his own solitariness'. It is the secret, lonely experience of the Presence of God that determines a man's conduct in the outer world: even the collective enthusiasms of religion are of less importance than the inner solitary life. What happens in a single corner of man's experience when he meets God 'face to face'

is beautifully expressed by the unknown author of these lines from my scrapbook page:

*Sometimes I shut the door on all the world
And go alone to that most sacred place
Where there is only God.
Just God, and I! Then
Together we go over subtle acts,
Mistakes and small hypocrisies of mine;
I strip myself from shams and shackles free,
And stand aghast at my duplicity.
When next I venture forth, Sincerity
Is the gift that God in secret gave to me.*

Finally, how aptly may all these points be illustrated from the Gospel story of our Lord's life? But my scrapbook page is no longer necessary, since every preacher will be able to do this for himself. Jesus loved the solitude and quiet of nature; He at times stood alone, solitary in the midst of a crowd; He knew intensely the meaning of solitude of heart, though His yearnings were always for the good of others; He never feared solitude but often turned aside for peaceful communion with the Father, saying to His disciples: 'I am not alone, because the Father is with me.'¹ And so He says to us today, in the words of the noble hymn by Bishop Bickersteth:

*Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known,
Alone with Me and with My Father here,
With Me and with My Father, not alone.*

BENJAMIN RICHARDS.

¹ *Martin Tupper*, D. Hudson (Constable).

² See *World Digest*, May 1946.

³ Poem, 'The Time-piece.'

⁴ From *Scottish Country Life*.

⁵ Poem, 'Arcadia.' ⁶ *Child Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto IV, stanza 178.

⁷ *ibid.*, Canto III, stanza 90. ⁸ *Work, Human Life*.

⁹ On 'Self-reliance.' ¹⁰ From the *Daily Herald*.

¹¹ From *The Independent*.

¹² Proverbs 14:10.

¹³ Sonnet, 'Why did I laugh?'

¹⁴ Keats, Sonnet, 'When I have fears.'

¹⁵ From 'The Secret Dwelling'

¹⁶ Poem, 'Resolution and Independence.' ¹⁷ From 'Remark per Mrs. Piozzi.'

¹⁸ Part IV. ¹⁹ From *New Timon*, Part II.

²⁰ *Paradise Lost*, Book VIII, lines 364-6. ²¹ *Night Thoughts*, Part III.

²² Poem, 'Love in the Valley.' ²³ Poem, 'A Poet's Epitaph.' ²⁴ John 16:33.

Notes and Discussions

THE FRUSTRATION OF H. G. WELLS

'FRUSTRATED'—the adjective heard so often nowadays, is surely the last and the most inept to apply to H. G. Wells. Was not his long life a meteoric career of almost dazzling triumph?

Born in wretched poverty, the son of an overworked and careworn mother, and of a father who was keener on playing cricket than on selling china and hardware in his dingy shop, himself under-nourished and ill-clad, he became a man of wealth, commanding a hundred pounds for writing a thousand words, and six hundred pounds for delivering a single lecture, and tens of thousands in royalties from the sales of his many books. He was able to provide a home and an annuity for his aging parents, to give liberally to many in need, to buy or build beautiful houses for his own occupation and enjoyment, to use them constantly for lavish hospitality, to leave a considerable fortune to his children and servants and friends.

Bred in obscurity, he made his name almost a household word in five continents. He entertained, not only members of fashionable 'Society', many of them titled, but also not a few of the most brilliant intellectuals of his age. He talked on terms of intimacy with President Franklin Roosevelt and Premier Joseph Stalin; and, although his vociferous republicanism and blatant atheism excluded him from the company of royalties and ecclesiastical dignitaries, he moved freely among statesmen and *litterati*.

With scanty schooling at a third-rate private 'academy' in Bromley, terminated at the age of thirteen by his apprenticeship to a firm of drapers, and continued intermittently and briefly at Midhurst Grammar School, and afterwards in a broken course at the Normal School of Science under Huxley, he gained the London B.Sc. in his twenties, and the D.Sc. in later life. It is true that the Fellowship of the Royal Society, which he always coveted, eluded him, and that his interests were too many and too varied to permit his becoming an expert in science. Still, he had a wide knowledge of biology and zoology, which he used with bold imagination in his books. He made some acquaintance also with Latin and with two or three modern languages. He viewed, and presented the whole story of mankind in broad outline; although one of the professional historians, whom he attacked so furiously, retorted that Wells had written more history than he had read!

The author of scores of volumes, he devoured voraciously the contents of his ever-growing library, and assimilated most of them. Gifted with rare powers of both analysis and synthesis, of both foresight and fancy, he was capable, when he chose to take the pains, of penning passages of lucid and lovely prose. Many millions of his books were read by ardent admirers, and it is doubtful whether any contemporary writer had so wide and deep an effect on the mental development of the youth of his time.

The man seemed mighty enough to set at defiance death itself, until his eightieth year, at any rate. Small and frail, ill-fed in childhood and adolescence and early manhood, with pulmonary tuberculosis, resulting in frequent and terrifying haemorrhages, he had a kidney crushed during a game of football. He suffered from diabetes, and came of a family on the paternal side liable to swift and fatal

heart-failure. Yet he survived all of these dangerous maladies, any one of which might have killed a man less resolute to live; and to the age of seventy-nine worked and played with amazing zest.

How, then, can one apply to so versatile and vital a person such a word as 'frustration'? Yet a careful study of his character compels this judgement; and it is confirmed by the dispassionate opinion of his latest biographer, Mr Vincent Frome, whose pages in *H. G. Wells: a Biography*, reveal several minor frustrations, and suggest the two major frustrations which made the life-story of Wells a tragedy.

In politics he found himself ineffective, passing in sudden outbreaks of domineering egotism from moderate Liberalism to theoretical Fabianism, and from Fabianism to the practical Socialism of the Labour Party, although this, like the others, was abandoned by him. The fact is that in any political organization there was room for Wells alone—as dictator! He never became a true democrat, but remained an aggressive individualist. Even his Utopia was to be ruled by an order of Samurai!

Mr Frome repeatedly and regretfully draws attention to the conflict in the mind and the literary work of Wells between the scientist and the propagandist and the artist. After noting the falling-off of his interest in his studies at the School of Science, his biographer remarks (pp. 37-8): 'A mind temperamentally hostile to the slow minutiae of the scientific approach was perfectly at home with word-pictures and sweeping visions. If only he had realized this, and not for ever hung on the coat-tails of science, craving distinctions he could only achieve by choking the very roots of his personality, he might not have died a disappointed man.' This is, surely, an over-statement of the case; yet it must be admitted that Wells's later novels were often ponderous and tedious because of pages upon pages of Wellsian opinion on sex, education, religion, world-federation. The worst example, perhaps, is *The World of William Clissold*. In spite of the vivid imaginativeness of his scientific romances, and the fascinating exuberance of such comedies as *Tono-Bungay*, *Kipps*, *Love and Mr Lewisham*, and *The History of Mr Polly*, their author, through his very versatility, failed to reach the front rank of writers of English fiction.

Acutely conscious of his physical and social defects, his insignificant appearance, his squeaky voice, his lack of 'breeding'—he himself declared that he was 'never a gentleman'—Wells gave vent to his sense of inferiority in outbursts of irony and rudeness, in rages against royalties and hierarchies and universities, in shameless self-assertion and ruthless dogmatism. Without the mocking humour of Shaw, he assailed fiercely all who dared to differ from him, and many who rashly agreed with him! He spared neither friend nor foe in his tempers, although they passed almost as swiftly as they arose.

One of the chief frustrations of Wells's life was, however, something much more vital than these; it was his vain quest of Ideal Love. Curiously, it was the sight of the voluptuous figures of Britannia and La France and Columbia in the pages of *Punch* and various illustrated papers which aroused in his childhood the first awareness of sex. Mr Frome says that some writers suggest that Wells suffered for the rest of his life from 'the mother-babe complex', whatever that may be! It is certain, at any rate, that from his early manhood to the verge of old age he indulged in promiscuous intercourse with many women. Marrying his cousin Isabel in 1891, he was unfaithful to her before he left her altogether to live out of wedlock with Amy Catherine Robbins, one of his students, the 'Jane' of later years. His union

with Isabel was foredoomed to failure. She was shy, conventional, virginal; he was audacious, revolutionary, sensual. She failed to give him either the physical or the intellectual satisfaction that he hoped; and, although Catherine was able to match his mental demands, she too could not meet his emotional requirements. At the beginning of their irregular relationship both loudly professed their scornful refusal of marriage; but, after Isabel had secured a divorce, they were wedded legally. Wells practised the same infidelity to his second wife as to his first; and 'Jane' not only knew and endured this, but also entered into a strange compact with him, permitting his frequent *passades*. It is true that she took a flat, which her husband never entered, as a retreat; but she bore him sons, and to the day of her death remained his loyal wife, presiding over his home with dignity, managing his finances and business affairs with ability, sharing his literary work with skill. Wells was fond of her, but the incurable philanderer in him could not be content with any one of the women whom he seduced.

It is not by any means pleasant to review this phase of his life, but he himself made no secret of it. He preached, indeed, the so-called 'free-love' that he practised. In a room in his house he kept framed photographs of his numerous 'conquests,' although, to his credit, he gave Catherine the place of honour among them. When asked about the welfare of his family, he would answer: 'My legitimate or illegitimate family?' Yet there is something pitiable in this sordid story of unrestrained licence, for it is the record of a life of unfulfilled desire. Mr. Frome shows insight when he says: 'Certainly some of his mistresses were considerable emotional experiences which left their mark on him, and if one occasionally overlapped another, there were deeply twined spirits who survived and grew richer for twenty years. And each one of them held an element of that slave-goddess who haunted his imagination to the end of his days, and, perhaps, it was the incarnation of this being he still so hopelessly pursued.'

Wells himself confirms this. In spite of his constant disclaimer that his books, except the *Experiment in Autobiography*, were self-revealing, he simply could not keep himself out of them; and here is a passage in which the words may be those of 'William Clissold', but the voice is that of Herbert Wells—'I turn now to the memories of my other love adventures, the casual encounters, the *passades*, the brief passions of pursuit and success. I have told the reader little about them except that they occurred. What else was there to tell? Surveyed again now in this geographical, this historical fashion, they look less bright and smaller than they did before. They happened, they entertained me, some of them delighted me; I make no apology for them, and I do not repent. But there was little beauty in them, and a sort of pettiness pervaded them. . . . *They were mere apologies to love. We were frittering away something precious*' (the italics are the writer's). What a melancholy confession of frustration in the utter failure of a life-time's quest of Ideal Love!

It is even sadder, if that be possible, to recall the utter disappointment of Wells's hope of bringing into existence a World-Federation of peoples. From the days in which he sat beside Isabel on a bench in Regent's Park on Sunday afternoons, and overwhelmed that simple-minded girl with a torrent of talk about republicanism and socialism and atheism, Wells gradually evolved a plan for the complete reconstruction of the life of mankind. This became clearer in outline as the years passed, taking the form of a World-State, in which all separate sovereignties would be merged, and all nations be united, politically, economically, culturally. The

realization of this dream became the master-motive of his life. He loved and cherished it more passionately and certainly more consistently than he ever loved and cherished any woman. The words that he put into the mouth of 'Margaret Broxton' expressed his own sincere and intense conviction: 'World-government, one world-government. It's my religion'. He preached his gospel in season and out of season, with the whole-hearted fervour of a revivalist, in conversations, letters, debates, lectures, pamphlets, books. He proclaimed it in the pages of nearly all his later novels.

He attended the early meetings of the League of Nations in Geneva, he crossed the Atlantic to Washington and traversed Europe to Moscow in order to discover how far Roosevelt and Stalin were willing to further the attainment of his ideal. In spite of periods of angry despair, he remained for years not only enthusiastic, but also optimistic. In 1932 he wrote in *The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind*: 'Why should not we believe that amidst the stars ahead of us the world-state will be won, and long ages of progressive civilization, ages of accumulating life and power open out before our kind? And, though that is the present frame of our vision, why should we suppose that any end has to be set to the growth and advancement of our race while the time-garment still wraps about it and veils its eyes? . . . The impenetrable clouds that bound our life at last in every direction may hide innumerable trials and dangers, but there are no conclusive limitations even in their deepest shadows, and there are times and seasons, there are moods of exaltation, moments, as it were, of revelation, when the whole universe about us seems bright with the presence of as yet unimaginable things.'

So, in glowing colours, Wells painted picture after picture of the 'Earthly Paradise' of his dreams and desires. But alas! they remained phantasies of his fervid imagination. He might rage furiously at others, statesmen, professors, school-masters, ecclesiastics, the public generally—for their prejudice, traditionalism, apathy, ignorance—yet he himself did little more than multiply words. He formed no party, fashioned no instrument. The only means of effecting the longed-for result, which he proposed, was education, especially a new method of teaching history and science; and, alone, he produced two vivid reviews of the long story of mankind, and, in collaboration with his son and Dr Julian Huxley, a remarkable record of life upon the earth.

Yet both education and science were, in his scheme of things, divorced entirely from religion. He hated all priesthoods and creeds and rites, saying that, if Marxism was his *bête rouge*, Catholicism was his *bête noir*. It is necessary to speak very explicitly about his atheism, for his wide knowledge and apt use of the Bible, as well as the passages of apparent faith in several of his books, have led many readers to overlook or belittle his avowed disbelief. When he wrote, in *Mr Britling sees it through*—'Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end. He may have his friendships, his partial loyalties, his scraps of honour. But all these things fall into place only with God. God who fights through men against Blind Force and Night and Non-existence, who is the end, who is the meaning. He is the only King'—and when he followed this sort of confession with other protestations of piety in *The Undying Fire* and *God the Invisible King*, one might easily be misled into the delusion that Wells had become a theist.

The truth is, as he himself owned, that he was disingenuous in such professions.

In *Experiment in Autobiography* he confessed: 'I came to admit that by all preceding definitions of God, this God of Mr Britling was no God at all. . . . I did my utmost to personify and animate a greater, remoter objective in *God, the Invisible King*. So by a sort of *coup d'état* I turned my New Republic for a time into a divine monarchy. . . . I do not know how far I was, in vulgar phrase, "codding" myself, how far I was trying to make my New Republicanism acceptable in a different guise to that multitude which could not, it seemed, dispense with kingship. . . . At his best, my deity was far less like the Heavenly Father of a devout Catholic or a devout Moslem or Jew than he was the personification of, let us say, the Five-Year Plan. *The Undying Fire* . . . crowns and ends my theology. It is the sunset of my divinity. . . . After *The Undying Fire* God as a character disappears from my work. . . . My phraseology went back unobtrusively to the sturdy atheism of my youthful days. My spirit had never left it. . . . In *What are we to do with our Lives?* (1932) I make the most explicit renunciation and apology for this phase of terminological disingenuousness. . . . I wish, not so much for my own sake as for the sake of my faithful readers, I had never fallen into it; it confused and misled many of them, and introduced a barren detour into my research for an effective direction for human affairs.'

What a pity it is that one of the most brilliant minds and potent pens of the century should fail to realize and declare that a World-State, without want or hatred or war, is involved in the very nature of true Christianity, and that the Holy Catholic Church on earth is the one and only *Internationale*. A wiser man than Wells, viz. John Buchan, whose service to the race was of much greater value, wrote: 'There have been high civilizations in the past which have not been Christian, but in the world as we know it I believe that civilization must have a Christian basis, and must ultimately rest on the Christian Church.'

Had Wells only shared that faith, he would not in 1939 in *The Fate of Homo Sapiens*, an old, lonely, disillusioned man, have made his swan-song this melancholy dirge: 'There is no reason whatever to believe that the order of nature has any greater bias in favour of man than it had in favour of the ichthyosaurus or the pterodactyl. In spite of all my disposition to a brave-looking optimism, I perceive that now the universe is bored with him, is turning a hard face to him, and I see him being carried less and less intelligently and more and more rapidly, suffering as every ill-adapted creature must suffer in gross and detail, along the stream of fate to degradation, suffering, and death.'

Is not such a final frustration 'a soul's tragedy' indeed?

HAROLD WILSON

[Continued from p. 73]

¹ R. J. Mitchell and M. D. R. Leys, *A History of the English People*; and Keith Feiling, *A History of England*.

² James Bryce, *Studies in Contemporary Biography* (New York, 1903), pp. 131-3.

³ J. R. Green to E. A. Freeman, February (?) 1869. Leslie Stephen, *Letters of John Richard Green* (New York, 1901), p. 227.

⁴ J. R. Green to E. A. Freeman, 16th September 1873. *ibid.*, pp. 357-9.

⁵ 'John Richard Green,' *Living Age*, CCXXXIV, 9.

⁶ John Richard Green, *A Short History of the English People* (London, 1875), Vol. II. (Hereinafter cited as *Short History*.)

⁷ *ibid.*, Preface to 1875 edition.

⁸ Carlton J. H. Hayes, *The Historical Evolution of Modern Nationalism* (New York, 1931), p. 135.

⁹ James Bryce, *op. cit.*, p. 141.

¹⁰ J. R. Green to E. A. Freeman, 31st August 1870. Leslie Stephen, *op. cit.*, p. 259.

¹¹ *Short History*, pp. 464-5. ¹² *ibid.*, p. 283.

¹³ George H. Sabine, *A History of Political Theory* (New York, 1937), p. 315.

¹⁴ *Short History*, p. 233. ¹⁵ *ibid.*, p. 557. ¹⁶ *ibid.*, p. 718. ¹⁷ *ibid.*, p. 730.

¹⁸ *ibid.*, p. 83. ¹⁹ *op. cit.*, pp. 163-4.

THE DOCTRINE OF ASSURANCE¹

DR. YATES claims, and his claim seems to be justified, that his is 'the first book to offer a comprehensive survey of the doctrine of Assurance'. His work is marked by painstaking and careful scholarship, by wide reading and fair-minded comment on this important subject.

His book consists of two main themes: (i) The Doctrine of John Wesley, (ii) a broad survey of the teaching of the church, illustrated by quotations from the Early Fathers, the Medieval Church, and the Protestant Reformers. The wider theme is necessarily treated cursorily, but has produced an admirable anthology on the Doctrine of Assurance.

The Doctrine of John Wesley is the central theme of the book. Accurate and detailed study is given to the variations of Wesley's convictions on the subject and to his gradual repudiation of his earlier opinion that no man is a real Christian who lacks the experience of Direct Assurance by the Holy Spirit of the forgiveness of his sins. The development of Wesley's doctrine that Assurance, while the privilege of all believers, is not necessarily experienced by all, is carefully outlined in an admirable study of Wesley's Sermons, correspondence, statements at Conferences, and critical examination both of his own experiences and that of many of his followers. The writer's lucid treatment of Wesley's three Sermons on the Witness of the Spirit, which do not seem always consistent with each other, is specially illuminating. This study is followed by a scholarly investigation of the scriptural basis of Wesley's Doctrines. The special attention given to the New Testament word *pherophoria* is interesting, but one may ask whether the technical value given to this word of the Moravians and Wesley, which in its four contexts seems quite untechnically used, is not at least questionable.

Dr Yates notices the doctrinal use which John Wesley made of his brother's hymns, but his relatively slender treatment of them may suggest that he regards their value as only secondary, but John himself, as many of his writings show, regarded them as primary, and he often, sometimes with slight correction, authorized them as his own statements. For instance, when John in the 1780 hymn-book published his carefully selected verses from his brothers five-fold hymn, from which Dr Yates quotes:

*How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?,*

it must be regarded as an expression of his own views. In point of fact, is any single treatise of John's so good a statement of the doctrine of Assurance both of the direct and indirect witness of the Spirit as this great hymn? Moreover it puts into the mouths of the Methodists a triumphant song of praise which proclaims not only the convictions of John and Charles Wesley, but of thousands of their converts. These men confirm and attest the reality of their assurance as they joyfully sing words re-echoed in scores of other hymns.

*What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.*

They triumphantly challenged all critics when they sang:

*The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show,
And us you never can persuade
That honey is not sweet.*

It seems rather surprising that Dr Yates gives no definite treatment of the Doctrine, Anglican or Roman, of Absolution, unless he considers that his few quotations on the mechanical use of Sacraments is sufficient. It does, however, strike one as strange that the word 'Absolution' is never used in a 'comprehensive view' of Assurance, since it obviously suggests some kind of Assurance. It is difficult to think that none of the multitudes of Anglicans, who Sunday morning after Sunday morning, have listened to the solemn pronouncement, 'He pardoneth and absolveth all them who truly repent and unfeignedly believe His holy gospel', have all failed to experience *some measure* of Assurance of Sins forgiven. I know of no evidence that John Wesley ever claimed for himself more than a 'measure of Assurance'. The reply I suppose would be that Wesley's assurance was based not on Church Authority but on the direct witness of the Spirit. Are the two assurances, however, mutually exclusive? Surely in this book the validity of Assurance should be discussed in all its aspects and claims. But in any case even the Medieval Church did not deny the possibility of direct Assurance through the Holy Spirit. The anathema of the Council of Trent was against those who said that 'the assurance of pardon was *essential* to faith', and in his final doctrine Wesley agreed with this view. Thomas Aquinas distinctly taught (as the Early Fathers also are shown by Dr Yates' numerous quotations to have taught) that Assurance could and did come—though rarely in his opinion—by direct revelation from God. This same claim, when made by Wesley, surprised the rationalist Churchmen of the eighteenth century, it is true, but it was not a new doctrine. Even the 'Penny Catechism' of the Roman Church teaches the possibility of Assurance (without recourse to the Confessional) to people if their penitence is really that of a pure love to God: that is to say, if they are really *contrite*. Should not Dr Yates have at least noticed the distinction made between 'attrition' and 'contrition'? He does, however, make it clear that the possibility of the experience of Assurance was always one of the Doctrines of the Church, even though the methods suggested for receiving it differed, and were sometimes so cumbrous as to be objectionable. The Reformation and John Wesley emphasized the truth of our Lord's saying: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' No intermediary is required.

What then was new, if anything, in Wesley's doctrine, as Dr Yates implies, was that whereas other teachers affirmed it to be the rare experience of great Saints, Wesley taught that it was the privilege of *all* believing sinners. He directly appealed to the foulest men to come to Christ that they might *know* their sins forgiven. His brother speaks to *them* of

*The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven.*

The distinctive Methodist doctrine of personal Assurance is that it is the privilege of *all* believing men. The rest of the doctrine, as finally stated by John Wesley, though all but ignored in the eighteenth century, had been affirmed many times before and never authoritatively denied.

J. ERNEST RATTENBURY

¹ *The Doctrine of Assurance*, with special reference to John Wesley, by Arthur S. Yates. (The Epworth Press, 25s.)

EXISTENTIALISM AND CHRISTIAN FAITH

EXISTENTIALISM is not merely a philosophical pastime. It seeks to seize upon the whole mind and provoke a crisis in our very being. It calls a halt to our ordinary, unthought-out way of living; it confronts us with the last awful realities—or possibilities—and demands that in face of them we make our decision. It seeks to lead us from mere 'conscious being' to 'true existence' (Buber), or from 'mere existence' to 'more abundant life' (as many a Christian preacher has many a time put it). It links knowledge with action, and aims to make a difference in our lives.

The basic postulate of Existentialism is that existence precedes essence. When we ascribe existence to anything, we imply *that* in some sense, at any rate, it 'is there'. So we say that the world exists, or that we ourselves exist. But if we go on to ask *what* the world is, or we ourselves are, we are concerned with the question of essence. The realm of essences is the province of science, which investigates them. Science does not ask about existence, but assumes it—unless the scientist begins to philosophize. So we all, normally, take existence for granted, especially our own existence. But the Existentialist does not take it for granted; he calls it in question. Not that he doubts whether the world or he himself is in *any* sense 'there', but he asks whether in any really *significant* sense they are there. In particular, he raises the question of the *meaning* of the specifically human mode of existence. Has it any meaning at all? What in the last resort do we human beings live for? Is there, among all the manifold things that occupy our time and interest, any one thing which possesses ultimate and absolute significance? Science cannot answer these questions, for the meaning of science itself is questionable. It is a curious and alarming fact, that together with the immense increase in scientific knowledge and its application today there has developed an increasing sense of the meaninglessness and futility of life! That is not the fault of science, of course, but simply a confirmation of what philosophers and theologians have often pointed out, that science is not self-sufficient and cannot furnish a sufficient basis for human existence. Science, while it starts from particular objects, abstracts and universalizes. But a human being is not an abstraction, nor simply a particular instance of a general class. He is a concrete individual, and there is a uniqueness about 'every single irreplaceable human life' (Jaspers) which evades scientific analysis. Science makes necessary allowance for individual variations, which it finds rather a nuisance, but it has no room for the individual himself. Existentialism, on the other hand, makes much of the individual, and challenges him to discover the meaning of his 'being there' and so realize his true existence. But where and how are we to look for the meaning of our life? If we contemplate the world around us, will it give us any help? According to Sartre it will not. We are environed by a multiplicity of things and happenings that indeed 'are there,' but have nothing to say to us; they form no pattern, point us in no certain direction. Hence we may make of them what we please. For Sartre there is nothing to tell us what we *ought* to make of them—no objective, absolute standards or criteria for thought or action. Sartre confronts us with a world of active futility, in which nothing signifies. This appalling spectacle is a curious secular parody of the Wrath of God, which makes a man cry out 'What shall I do to be saved?' Sartre's only reply is: 'Do as you please, so long as you do it wholeheartedly.' Salvation—such

as it is—is to be found only in the passionate exercise of that absolute freedom which the individual discovers to be his. By so doing he puts at any rate some measure of meaning into his own life, and escapes the futility of those who 'couldn't care less'.

In its way, such an Existentialism is a doctrine of salvation, and the way of salvation which it teaches has some similarities to that of the Christian faith, for it speaks of encounter, crisis, anxiety, decision, in a manner reminiscent of the Christian conception of conversion, death and re-birth. That is not surprising, since the chief inspiration of modern Existentialism can be traced back to Kierkegaard. But the 'Encounter with Nothingness' (as Helmut Kuhn calls it) which secular Existentialism, at any rate, seeks to bring about, is vastly different in content and significance from the encounter with God of which Christian faith speaks; and a decision to exercise one's native freedom is something far other than the conversion through which the Christian finds perfect freedom in the service of God. But there are, of course, Existentialists and Existentialists. Karl Jaspers invites us to a much soberer and more responsible enterprise than Sartre. In three stimulating lectures under the title of *Reason and Anti-reason in our Time*, he sketches a way of salvation in devotion to the life of Reason. What he used to speak of as Existentialism he would now prefer to call 'the philosophy of Reason'. By Reason he does not mean science, though the scientific method is necessary for philosophy. Science arises out of the will to truth (not, as some say, the will to power), and it is our only means of attaining truth—so long as we do not falsify it by making it absolute and supposing that we have arrived at total truth. Marxism and Psychoanalysis are two such falsifications, which Jaspers penetratingly criticizes while recognizing some elements of value in them. Total truth we do not possess, and the life of Reason (which is the love of truth) consists in ever reaching out, patiently and devotedly, after what we have not yet attained. But Reason transcends science, which depends on Reason for its own significance. Amid the welter of Unreason and Anti-reason in our time, however, it hardly seems as though Reason were natural to man; and Jaspers declares that it is not. A decision is required of the man who would follow the path of Reason, and Jaspers' book is a timely and inspiring call for such decision. Another point of view is given in Martin Buber's *Right and Wrong*, a discussion of five Psalms, described as 'an essay in existential exegesis'. Here the familiar problem of the success and prosperity of the wicked and the oppression of the righteous is raised. The Psalmist's first reaction is to expect God to arise, vindicate His faithful people, and establish truth and justice on the earth. But he is disillusioned about this again and again; and he finds no assured solace in the thought of a future life where God puts everything right. Then, on the verge of despair, he receives an unexpected illumination and is brought into the presence of God. 'With the change of heart,' says Buber, 'there is a change of eye, and to his new view there is meaning in what for long was meaningless. Everything depends on the inner change; when this has taken place, and only then, the world changes.' Thus, what Jaspers finds in Reason, Buber finds in the phrase 'walk with God'.

While the Existentialists differ widely in other ways, they all agree that something must happen to us, each one of us personally and individually. The meaning of existence is not to be found by passive, theoretical contemplation, but involves the whole man—a truth which evangelical Christians have always known and

taught. Hence the truest insights of Existentialism can be found, though without their terminology, in the work of a man like P. T. Forsyth, of whose life and thought W. L. Bradley has recently given an excellent account in *P. T. Forsyth, the Man and His Work*. Where Jaspers speaks of a decision for Reason, Buber of a change of heart through divine illumination, Forsyth speaks of evangelical experience of the Cross of Christ. Experience here is no mere subjective emotion, but—to use the existentialist word—an ‘encounter’ that spells crisis in the most literal sense of that word, a crisis of death and re-birth under the judgement and grace of God. Upon this Forsyth’s whole theology turns. It was a theology of crisis before Barth, and without Barth’s exaggerations. It is not beyond criticism, as W. L. Bradley has shown, but it is singularly relevant to the temper of our time.

PHILIP S. WATSON

¹ *Reason and Anti-reason in our Time*, by Karl Jaspers (S.C.M., 7s. 6d.); *Right and Wrong*, by Martin Buber (S.C.M., 6s.); *P. T. Forsyth, the Man and His Work*, by W. L. Bradley (Independent Press, 18s. 6d.).

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

Historian of the Middle Class

IN RECENT months two single-volume histories of England have appeared which from the critics have drawn comparisons with J. R. Green’s classic *Short History of the English People*.¹ Green’s famous work was a brilliantly written account of the development of English institutions, with a special social emphasis. It won great popularity in Victorian England, ranking with the works of Thomas Babington Macaulay in the public esteem.

Green has been called a nationalist historian, a social historian, and the historian ‘of the people’. Like other nationalist historians of his day—E. A. Freeman, William Stubbs, and John Kemble—Green assumed that English backgrounds were purely Germanic, and that the Teutonic invaders of Britain had made a clean sweep, absorbing none of the culture of the earlier inhabitants. Yet the Aryan-Nordic myths are only a starting point for Green’s history. From this beginning he develops English civilization as a mass culture, without placing primary emphasis upon military and political events.

In this sense he combined the social approach with the nationalistic. The nineteenth-century middle-class Briton could swell with pride as the pages of Green’s history recreated for him his own role in the epic of evolving English institutions. Though Green utilized this approach against the advice of his contemporaries, undoubtedly this treatment insured the popularity of his work. It is this contribution which ranks him with Rambaud, Altamira, McMaster, and Oberholtzer as a historian ‘of the people’.

He came from middle-class parents, was educated for the Church, and served as

vicar in one of the poorest of the London slum districts. In later years he credited this experience with improving his ability to write history, for there he saw boldly exposed the basic forces which motivate men.³ The social evils of his day left a great impression upon him and his periodical articles show a clear grasp of social problems. The strain of his duties, growing dissatisfaction with the 'orthodox creed', and an insecure financial status brought to an end his active clerical career in 1869.

Thereafter, Green devoted himself to literary work exclusively. Despite serious illness, the years after he left Church work were happy ones for Green. He had not disliked his position as vicar, because of the opportunities it had provided for work among the people, but he had disliked the monotony of conducting Church services. He expressed his feelings to Freeman when he wrote: 'Won't it be jolly to have no sermons to preach on Sundays!'

It was in this era of semi-retirement that Green wrote the single volume on which his present-day fame rests, the *Short History*. He resolved to attempt this brief work when it became apparent that his life must probably be shortened because of a serious lung condition. If he lived, the work could be later expanded; if he did not, it might earn him some fame. Though he still wrote occasional articles, the 'Little Book', as he called it, became his main task.

Green was eminently fitted to write this type of book. His reading and observation, though concentrated in certain periods, had extended over the entire field of English history, giving him the necessary background for broad generalization. His approach was unorthodox in that he scorned mere chronology and emphasis upon rulers and military leaders. Such artificial division and emphasis, he thought, obscured significant social developments.⁴

The very attractive style of the 'Little Book' and the new emphasis on social history won the plaudits of swarms of popular readers. Sometimes critics of later years have wondered at the long-standing popularity of this short general work. Almost all will agree that the new departure which it marked in historical writing is in part responsible. A national history, emphasizing the role of the people, could hardly fail to be popular in Victorian England which had the great Reform Bills in its immediate past.

The outstanding stylistic trait of the 'Little Book' is its vividness and picturesque quality. Whether its pages are recreating a king, a city, or a battle, the picture drawn pulsates with life even though it may have existed only in the imagination of Green. His capacity for vivid, imaginative writing was so great that one critic found uniformity of 'picturesqueness' to be a major flaw.⁵ One colourful passage serves to illustrate his style and two significant themes of the *Short History*:

... from the glimpses which we catch of them when conquest had brought these Englishmen to the shores of Britain, their political and social organization must have been that of the German race to which they belonged. The basis of their society was the free landholder. ... He was 'the free-necked man', whose long hair floated over a neck that had never bent to a lord. He was 'the weaponed man', who alone bore spear and sword, for he alone possessed the right which in such a state of society formed the main check upon lawless outrage, the right of private war.⁶

In these few lines are compressed glimpses of political organization, ideas of property, customs of arms bearing, and hints as to the physical and mental characteristics of the early English. In addition two important themes are set forth: (i)

the exclusiveness of Germanic influence in English origins, and (ii) the significance of primitive rights and liberties among the English. This latter theme unfolds throughout the book, leading into the concept that English liberty was guarded by the 'free landholder', and that as society and institutions developed, the traders, shop-keepers, and townspeople came to share in that guardianship. Here is revealed the essence of Green's middle-class liberalism.

As a liberal in politics, he almost involuntarily wrote with a liberal bias in history. To his liberal eye, leaders and dynasties were not the major concern of history. His history deliberately took the side of the free landholder, the trader, and the burgher, and viewed the dark eras as the periods of their degradation—the good times as the result of the triumph of their wisdom or virtue. 'In England,' he wrote, 'more than elsewhere, constitutional progress has been the result of social development.' To Green, social development was the progress of the middle class, and constitutional advance was the rise to political power of that class.

Green's nationalism was also in the liberal tradition. His was the 'live and let-live' type of nationalism popular with the middle class. This doctrine postulated that all nations should be independent and that the citizens of each national State should be free.* His sympathy for national movements is evident in his concern for those movements in continental Europe and in Ireland. He became a 'Home Ruler' long before Gladstone.* Though 'German to the core', he wrote to Freeman of his sympathy for France when she was overrun by the Prussians in 1870.¹⁰

It seems closer to reality to call Green the historian of the English middle class than the historian of 'the people'. Who were 'the people' of whom he wrote? They were not primarily kings, lords, or clergy. Though he dealt with these groups, he did not deal kindly with them. He was less than judicious in his treatment of those with whom he was unsympathetic. He painted his heroes in dazzling lights, and his villains in colours too dark. His scorn is brilliantly displayed in this caricature of James the First:

His big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, his goggle eyes, stood out in as grotesque a contrast with all that men recalled of Henry or Elizabeth as his gabble androdomontade, his want of personal dignity, his coarse buffoonery, his drunkenness, his pedantry, his contemptible cowardice. Under the ridiculous exterior however lay a man of much natural ability, a ripe scholar, with a considerable fund of shrewdness. . . . But all his shrewdness and learning only left him, in the phrase of Henry the Fourth, 'the wisest fool in Christendom'. . . . All might have gone well had he confined himself to speculations about witchcraft.¹¹

The nobility got short shrift. Their principal contribution was the Magna Charta¹²—which received its liberal emphasis by later action of the middle classes. Rulers, churchmen, soldiers, nobles are of little importance in the promotion of 'social development' and 'constitutional progress.'

If Green did not find his heroes in the upper classes, neither did he find them in the lower, or proletarian, class. He exhibits little interest in the slave class in early Britain, nor does he attribute to it a noteworthy place in social development. He views the Peasant revolts of the fourteenth century as regrettable incidents. That the reform movements of John Wyclif were an important factor in these revolts is an interpretation held today.¹³ Yet Green treats Wyclif primarily as a Church reformer and views with scepticism his connexion with these proletarian uprisings.¹⁴

The middle-class Puritan Revolution is treated largely as a religious conflict. Its class aspects are not recognized nor is the presence of other groups which desired to carry the revolution beyond the point where it stopped. These latter groups, the Levellers and Diggers, wanted to carry on the revolt to benefit even the lowest classes. Their protest and bloody suppression is viewed merely as a mutinous disturbance.¹⁶

The real heroes of Green's history, 'the people' with whom he is concerned, are the free landholders, the traders, the shopkeepers, the craftsmen, the merchants—the *bourgeoisie* (or as the Germanist might have preferred, the *bürgerlich* class). That Green wrote middle-class history is neither surprising nor necessarily to be criticized. The dynamic middle class in England did play a great role in the development of English social and political institutions. Green, however, gives that class a more uniformly positive part in constitutional development than it actually took.

Today Green might be among the first to admit that he was influenced by the spirit of his times, that he and his history were the products of social forces and reflect all the main ideas and prejudices of the age in which he wrote. Himself of middle-class background, he wrote in an era when the middle class was triumphant. The Reform Bills of 1832 and 1867 were recent accomplishments and left no segment of the male middle class without a vote and representation in Parliament. England was glorying in the Victorian age and her politically important middle class took pride in England's having escaped the radical revolutions which had shaken the continent.

To his middle-class heroes Green attributes the most virtuous qualities. The great religious revival of the 1730's and 1740's he credits directly to that class. He observed: 'In the middle class the old piety lived on unchanged, and it was from this class that a religious revival burst forth. . . .'¹⁸ He characterized the middle class as possessing energy, self-confidence, pride, honesty, patriotism, and moral earnestness. In reference to William Pitt, he attributes to the middle-class supporters of Pitt the purest of *bourgeois* motives:

The merchant and trader were drawn by a natural attraction to the one statesman of their time whose aims were unselfish, whose hands were clean, whose life was pure, and full of tender affection for wife and child.¹⁷

Despite his central theme of the ever-upward progress of the middle class, Green's history is quite broad in its philosophy. By no means does he place all his reliance on one interpretation of history. He writes an optimistic history which assumed progress and which appealed to the nationalism of the middle class, yet economic determinism, geographic determinism, and even the influence of great men appear in the work.

Green, in his economic interpretation, shows as much appreciation as did Alexander Hamilton for the role of the moneyed interests in a strong central government. This interpretation appears as early as his treatment of William the Conqueror, in which much of William's power is attributed to economic factors. Green points out that in his own right William was the biggest landholder in Britain and that he further bulwarked his power by an alliance with Jewish merchants, which put capital on the side of the monarchy.¹⁸

Geography was one of Green's main interests and geographic interpretation is sketched in at every stage in the *Short History*. Archaeology had long been another major interest, and these two fields he combined with history. He was interested in

the history of ancient towns and delighted in tracing their histories on the site of their physical remains. This antiquarian curiosity marks almost all of his works. In his philosophy—geography, archaeology, and history are inseparable.

In his interpretation of the influence of great men, Green placed no great reliance upon men as shapers of history, rather it was the reverse. If certain men played great parts in history those parts were made possible by the circumstances of history. Though the emphasis is upon impersonal forces the pages of the *Short History* abound with sketches of the great men of English history.

From Green's clerical background it might be expected that religion and the Church would loom large in his history, yet religious influence is not viewed as a determining force in history. Green agreed with the 'extreme left wing' of the Anglican Church and believed that the clergy must follow 'Christian public opinion' because the people, not the clergy, are the Church. The divine theory of history does not appear in the *Short History*.

Soon after the publication of the 'Little Book' in 1874, Green undertook the larger corrected version which appeared in four volumes as the *History of the English People*. What this larger work gained in accuracy it lost in freshness of style. After this less popular recasting of the *Short History* Green turned to a more penetrating treatment of the origins of English history. This involved work on Roman Britain and the Saxon conquest and entailed extensive consultation of original sources. The results of this research were embodied in *The Making of England* which was completed and published in 1882.

In this work the dominant interpretation is geographical. It does not measure up to the *Short History* either stylistically or in breadth of popular appeal. The strain of research and writing tried Green's waning strength very sorely, yet within a few months he began a second volume which was to be an account of the Danish and Norman invasions. He was forced to stop work after completing the first chapter and never again was he strong enough to write. He died in 1883. This unfinished volume was completed by his wife, using the original introductory chapter, notes left by Green, and portions of previous writings. The finished work was called *The Conquest of England*.

While working upon these last two monographs Green constantly lamented the scarcity of real source materials and feared that the result would be a dull, lifeless narrative. Yet he refused to make use of the great store of myth and legend to enliven the work. His friend James Bryce observed that 'throughout these last two books, he steadily refrained from introducing any matter, however lively or romantic, which could not stand the test of his stringent criticism. . . .'¹⁰

None of the other work of John Richard Green has ever surpassed the fame of his *Short History*. Because of this work he is today remembered as one of the first historians 'of the people'. That his vision encompassed the majority of the English people cannot be denied, but the history that he wrote was the history of middle-class liberalism in England, at a time when that liberalism was in full flower. Thus it is that Green can be viewed as a nationalist historian, but a liberal nationalist; a social historian, aware of the influence of economics, geography, and great men; an historian of the people who gave middle-class emphasis to his conception of 'the people'.

HERBERT J. DOHERTY, JR.

Recent Literature

The More Excellent Way, by G. Allen Turner. (Life and Light Press, Winona Lake, Indiana, \$3.)

Here, in a fresh approach to John Wesley's Doctrine of Christian Perfection, the author sets himself to ask: 'What is the Spiritual Basis of Wesley's teaching on Perfect Love?' He claims, both in the extent of his survey and in some of the methods he employs, that his work is unique. With the limitations he allows, the claim is not extravagant. This piece of fine scholarship will compel all serious students to think again. The book has two parts. Part I deals with the Biblical Basis and traces the concept of holiness through the Old Testament, the literature of Judaism and, by way of the Greek Ideal, into the New Testament. Part II, dealing with Historical Development, traces the antecedents of the doctrine from the Montanists, through the Medieval period, and by way of English and German pietism, to Wesley himself. Having surveyed its development in Wesley, Dr Turner subjects it to a critical examination. In his conclusions—which are *not* pre-suppositions—he strongly supports Wesley's doctrine. He is sure that it is securely based in the Scriptures. While he feels the force of other views and admits that there is something here not 'fully mastered either in logic or in life', he defends the classical Wesley teaching on the subject, even to encouraging people to testify that they are cleansed from all sin. Let those who impatiently dismiss Wesley's doctrine as an oddity, at least read what this young American scholar has to say. The case is stronger than they think.

W. E. SANGSTER

Hugh Bourne: 1772-1852, by John T. Wilkinson. (The Epworth Press, 18s. 6d.)

This volume provides us with a standard and authoritative biography of Hugh Bourne, initiator of the English Camp-meeting movement and the principal founder of Primitive Methodism. Mr Wilkinson, as Tutor at Hartley Victoria College, has had access to archives that have never before fallen into such hands, and of these he has made admirable use. His up-to-date methods appear, for instance, in the use of ultra-violet light in dealing with some otherwise undecipherable pages of Bourne's *Journal*. In eleven chapters Bourne's career is traced from his early upbringing in a remote moorland farm to the unexpected formation of a Methodist offshoot and its phenomenal growth under his leadership until at his death in 1852 it had some 110,000 members. From beginning to end, Bourne's sole aim was to go out and seek the lost. He gave priority to prayer as a force in outdoor evangelism, and thus it was that at a camp-meeting at Mexborough Common in 1821 no less than sixteen praying companies were in full exercise, leading to the conversion of several hundreds. With the instincts of a student, who had himself gained regenerating experience through reading, he utilized the printing-press throughout his life. An appendix on the Literary Labours of Hugh Bourne will probably surprise many readers. The entire narrative is an amazing revelation, first of the spiritual pilgrimage of a lonely soul, and then of fifty years of moral miracle. The appeal of this book is not simply to those who were formerly of the Primitive Methodist Church. It is an indispensable work for all Methodists who desire to understand our united Church, and, at a time when we are being called afresh to do our first works, here is a veritable powerhouse of inspiration. Even those outside Methodism may well value this as a religious classic of a rare kind.

W. E. FARNDAL

The Christian Dilemma—Catholic Church: Reformation, by W. H. Van de Pol, translated by G. Van Hall. (J. M. Dent & Sons, 21s.)

The author is a Dutch Roman Catholic with the unusual qualification of twenty-five years' close experience of the Ecumenical Movement. Of his Protestant youth he writes: 'I still keep recollections of the World Student Christian Federation . . . to which I owe the greatest lifelong debt.' The chapter on Anglicanism shows that at some time he

gained inside knowledge of religious life here: 'An Anglican usually manifests little understanding of dogmatic convictions and does not see why anyone, by reason of difference of opinion, should leave the Church to which he belongs by birth.' Having gone over to Rome, he took his stand in 1948 with the not inconsiderable number of Roman Catholics who viewed events at Amsterdam with interest and enthusiasm: 'The Catholic Church recognizes in the movement . . . a new possibility of greater unity among Christians outside the full visible communion of the Catholic Church, in contrast with the increasing divisions of past ages. She knows how to value this as a positive good.' The dilemma which, he believes, we all must ultimately face, is 'Reformation or Catholic Church'. Let it be thankfully said that in going over to Rome he has not parted with his critical faculties, nor with positive appreciation of non-Roman positions. He clearly hopes that, though Rome refused to send 'observers' to Amsterdam, she will send them to the meeting of the Council of Churches in 1954. Meanwhile, two ways are open for all Christians, including Catholics, (i) 'fostering a true ecumenical sense, a real Christian charity. . . . It cannot be said that the general level of polemics in ecclesiastical journals contributes to a deepening of such sentiments'; (ii) 'expiatory penance, reparation, fasting, and prayer. . . . Ecumenical Christians may rest assured that such charity for their separated brethren lives in thousands of Catholics'. In this remarkable book not the least remarkable thing is the *nihil obstat* at the front. The presence in the Church of Rome of such men as Rademacher in Germany, Congar in France, and (now we may add) Van de Pol in Holland, is something which, if we may borrow the last's own words, Protestants 'know how to value as a positive good'. We hail truly ecumenical spirit where we least expected to find it.

JOHN FOSTER

The Hierarchy of Heaven and Earth. A New Diagram of Man in the Universe, by D. E. Harding. (Faber & Faber, 21s.)

On the dust-cover this book is called a 'powerful appeal to the educated reader to reconsider the mystery of himself and of the world in which he has somehow occurred'. It is perhaps unfair to suggest that the diagram(s) named in the title might turn the educated reader away. Mr C. S. Lewis's preface, however, will encourage him to persevere, for the book gains greatly by this clear statement. Mr Harding is attempting to arrest the process which has led men to reduce the greater part of the colourful universe to subjective reactions of the Self, and then to dissolve away the Self. Instead of regarding mind as a curious and insignificant intrusion, a clue only to what the universe is not like, he would lead us to see the world as a minded system. There is, as he says, 'something comic about the branch trying to show up the deadness of the trunk by growing more and greener leaves'. And 'to consider Earth without the Life at her heart, or Life without the human history enfolded within Life, is to mistake the shell for the shell-fish'. Our present troubles arise not from our excess of knowledge but from our growing ignorance, from the lack of unitary vision. Information itself, without humility or love or astonishment or reverence, becomes the worst kind of misinformation. The six parts of the book are to open our eyes to a synoptic vision of man in the universe. For what man is depends on the distance from which we view him. Close to, he appears as a vast collection of self-sufficient cells, and closer, as an even vaster one of atoms; but farther away, as a constituent of a social unit. Our wildest dreams are nothing to what the least successful of us has already accomplished. To be a man is far to surpass all the wonders of the world. And our dying is 'the gradual reversal of our belief that it is we who live and the universe that is dead'. It goes without saying that we need a synoptic view of man in the universe, but it is doubtful how far Mr Harding's book will help us to it. There are memorable sentences, but they are embedded too often in ingenious obscurity, and the whole is altogether too illusive. Would that it had more of the incisive clarity with which Mr Lewis once wrote on 'the abolition of man'!

A. W. HEATHCOTE

Making Prayer Real, by Lynn James Radcliffe. (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, via The Epworth Press, \$3.)

Was it not William James who observed that all men—consciously or unconsciously—seek God, and that even 'escape from the world' through drugs is an unconscious attempt to find our divine Source? Is there anything as vital or urgent in life as *knowing* That from which we spring? From all the past centuries there has come down to us a priceless heritage of the methods by which man has sought to find God. It is of these methods that Dr Radcliffe writes, examining each varying approach to God—from the first simple prayer of petition to the high and holy experience of Divine Union—with an analytical mind and understanding heart. His plea for a spiritual renaissance (in an admirable essay introducing his book) is a sober yet impressive appraisal of the desperate need of our day, and it is from this point that Dr Radcliffe launches out into the main stream of his thesis. He lays great stress on the need for discipline in prayer. It is, he declares, the only way to mastery. But there is, too, the vital need of discipline in life itself, for true prayer must of necessity be related to the objective as well as to the subjective side of life. The author's plan in his book is to describe, as in the form of an ascending ladder, the various main types of prayer and to explain their peculiar difficulties and particular virtues; petition, intercession, meditation, contemplation, and transforming union—all these and their offshoots are fully dealt with. To those who would possess a comprehensive discussion of this great subject, described and explained by a writer of rare interior insight and wide knowledge, *Making Prayer Real* should make an irresistible appeal.

JOHN EARLE

Marriage and Society, by E. O. James. (Hutchinson's University Library, 18s.)

This is an important, opportune and up-to-date book on a subject of great public interest and intense social concern. At first sight, and for half of the book, it might not appear to be so. That is because the approach to the subject is by way of an anthropological or sociological review of the differing forms of marriage in primitive societies in the hunting, agricultural, and pastoral stages. Whether the differences in economy, the varied ways of providing food and shelter, and so on, were sufficient to create the bewildering diversity of divergent marriage laws and customs that appears is open to question. Professor James's learning enables him to work with some skill through the labyrinth of polygamy, polyandry, polygyny, endogamy, exogamy, and the like, but I confess that a clear causal connexion between the characteristic economy of each stage and its diverse marriage forms seems to me to be either wanting or not proven. I was, however, glad to read his downright and forthright statements: 'If, however, a state of promiscuity ever existed, at least we have no knowledge of it,' and 'A condition of promiscuity would be fatal to the establishment of an orderly arrangement of domestic relations.' The chapter on 'Marriage in Urban Society', valuable and descriptive in itself, turns out to be more significant for Professor James's argument than would at first sight appear. For it is in the degeneracy which overtook marriage in Ancient Greece and Rome that he finds a clue to the modern situation. This brings us to the more important half of the book, of which a large part is given to careful chapters on 'Christian Marriage', 'Canonical Regulation of Marriage', 'Civil Marriage', and 'Marriage and Morals.' Under the last of these there are competent discussions of the moral issues of adultery, chastity, divorce, contraception, and the recent monstrosity of artificial insemination. The crucial chapter is that on 'Marriage in Modern Society'. Here, in describing the forces which are undermining the stability of the family today, he does find a clearer ground for connexion between social economy and marriage. Large-scale industry, which takes men and women away from their homes to earn their living, inevitably reacts adversely on the home, tending to make it little more than a dormitory. This, coupled with the breakdown of spiritual unity that leaves men and women bereft of sure spiritual anchorage, and therefore more easily a prey to

their own devices, brings a disruptive influence to bear on the relations of the sexes. The defects of urban society, with its formless swarms of individual existences herded together, of which Ancient Greece and Rome provided the ante-types, intensify the forces of disruption. Only spiritual convictions can withstand these disruptive tendencies. The secular State at its best can do no more than exercise the restraints of law—and it may remove them! Christian faith in the sacredness of personality as the only abiding basis of the marriage relationship gives the *one* answer to the problem. The question that Professor James's book leaves in the mind of a thoughtful reader is: 'Will this answer be heard?'
E. C. URWIN

The Causes and Treatment of Backwardness, by Sir Cyril Burt. (National Children's Home, 4s. 10d., post free.)

This book briefly reviews the history of child study, correcting some popular misconceptions on the birthplace and parentage of the pioneer work in this field. Next, Sir Cyril Burt, in authoritative style, turns to an exposition of the incidence, causes and effects of educational backwardness. Then there are a few pages on suggested methods. Those familiar with the author's monumental work, *The Backward Child*, will find this an interesting bit of highly condensed revision. Those who come to the matter for the first time, may find it over-concentrated, but it is worth the effort involved. Where the relevance and function of the residential special school are examined, those conversant with the broader aspects of the care of children deprived of a normal home life, will be disappointed. The special and subtle problems of those who, while primarily needing residential placement, happen *also* to be backward, are not adequately faced. The author repeatedly looks on the special residential school as a valuable research tool rather than as a challenge to these problems. Indeed, when dealing very briefly with child care, the author uncharacteristically permits himself something of a light-heartedly unscientific generalization based on personal reminiscence. There is no doubt, however, that this book should be read carefully by all who take an intelligent interest in the upbringing of children.
JOHN WHEELER

From My New Shelf

BY C. RYDER SMITH

The Re-integration of the Church, by Nicolas Zernov (S.C.M., 7s. 6d.). Dr Zernov, now lecturing at Oxford, is a scholar of 'the Russian Church in Exile'. I have found his book very rewarding, for I have long wished to see the subject of 're-union', or, as he rightly prefers to say, 're-integration', through the eyes of such a one. His immediate purpose is to submit a plan by which the Orthodox and Anglican Churches should commission small groups of men who are called to the ministry of reconciliation, to practise and teach the *right* way of inter-communion. In his exposition of this right way he searches into the length and breadth and depth of 'the sacramental principle', and of its culmination in the Eucharist. There is also an account of the story of schism throughout Christian history as it appears to an Orthodox scholar. Dr Zernov believes that the tap-root of *every* schism was uncharitableness, not doctrine. There is something to ponder on page after page after page of this opulent little book. Little is said about the Free Churches.

On the Ministry, by Stephen Neill (S.C.M., 9s. 6d.). In these five addresses, given in U.S.A. to five hundred students from thirty denominations, there are many shining illustrations, many flashes of irony and humour, a few provocative sentences, and a persuasive, interpretative insight. But there is more. There is 'refining fire'.

Proceedings of the Eighth Ecumenical Methodist Conference, Oxford, 1951 (The Epworth press, 17s. 6d.). Here, *in extenso*, are the 'speeches, sermons, and addresses delivered in connexion with the eighth World Methodist Conference'. They end with the moving words with which Wilbert Howard closed the world-wide gathering. There is added an account of the structure and plans of the new World Methodist Council, an even better thing than the 'Ecumenical'. (Does the sentence, 'There is no part of the Church's business which is wholly the concern of men, and not wholly the concern of men and women', refer to 'Women and the Ministry'?)

William Russell Maltby: Obiter Scripta, selected by Francis B. James (The Epworth Press, 9s. 6d.). My very old friend 'W.R.M.' left very little in writing, for a gold-digger's output is smaller than a coal-miner's. Yet there is more to it than that. Maltby had a genius for fellowship (not in the trite and feeble sense), and there can be little fellowship between a writer and the vague entity called his 'public'. Maltby always had his eye on a *particular* person or group of persons. He wrote his 'manuals' for a group of young Christians whom he knew well, and his 'articles' in *The Agenda* for his friends, the Deaconesses. When he wrote 'fugitive pieces' (save the mark!) for a Methodist paper he was always button-holing somebody. A trained lawyer, in his inimitable dialogues he is cross-examining, and no one ever cross-examined a 'public'! Everywhere there is fellowship. 'Alec' Findlay was the inevitable choice to write the 'appreciation' that opens this book, for these two shared a fellowship in Christ of rare range and depth year after year after year. (I cannot help just saying that I don't think the words 'steam-hammer' and 'deep voice' suit Bradfield, but that I am glad that 'Alec' has told his readers something of T.R.M., the elder brother.) But to return—readers of the right calibre, even if they did not know W.R.M., will find that through this book they enter into fellowship with one of our 'friends above'. His humour and discernment and sympathy and the swift probe of his scalpel—they are all here. And something else. W.R.M. lived in 'fellowship with the Father—that is, with His Son.' It is not irreverent to say that Christ and he knew each other very well.

Great Humanists, by Lynn Harold Hough (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, *via* The Epworth Press, \$3.50). If *pontifex* means 'bridge-builder', as our fathers thought, then Dr Hough is a *pontifex*, for here he builds bridges between Aristotle, Cicero, Erasmus, Irving Babbitt, and Elmer More, and his readers. His bridges are inviting. He puts each of his heroes in his *Sitz im Leben* all right. I already knew something of the first three. Here I like the study of Aristotle a little less than the other two, but all are good. Dr Hough perhaps rather minimizes shortcomings, and one could challenge a statement here and there. For instance, was not the Roman Republic too rotten to save in the time of Cicero? And did the Islamic menace to Europe end at Tours? But these are only insects in amber. I was specially glad to read the compact studies of Babbitt and More, for they are just what I wanted—so much so that I will not boggle over the variation in the meaning of 'great'. Of course, Dr Hough's enthusiasm for 'Christian Humanism' (which I, for one, share) permeates the whole book.

Archaeology Explains, by W. H. Boulton (The Epworth Press, 6s.); *The Reliability of the Gospels*, by A. J. B. Higgins (Independent Press, 3s.). In these two books the writers succeed in making the results of the expert investigations of the last eighty years or so plain to all. The first writer deals chiefly with passages in the Old Testament; the second, adding to his title, relates the Old to the New.

Songs of Zarathushtra, translated by Dastur Framroze, Ardeshtir Bode, and Piloo Nanavuthy (Geo. Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d.). Particularly in reading the Introduction to this volume in the 'Ethical and Religious Classics' series, a reader will need to bear in mind *both* the sentences in the 'Editor's Note'—'Scholars are still much divided upon the

interpretation of the Gathas. 'The present volume contains a version of their meaning as understood by two Parsi students of the Avesta.' One of the translators is High Priest of a 'Fire Temple' in Bombay, and the other, a woman, holds two Master's degrees at Cambridge.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

Religion in the Modern World (reprint from *Hibbert Journal*), by Viscount Samuel and Others (Geo. Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.).

Criticism and Faith, the role of Biblical Scholarship in the Life of the Church, by John Knox (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, via The Epworth Press, \$1.75).

Congregationalism and Reunion (reprint), two Lectures by P. T. Forsyth (Independent Press, 5s.).

BOOKLETS AND PAMPHLETS

The Apostolic Gospel (Paper read at the Methodist Conference) by Vincent Taylor (The Epworth Press, 6d.). . . . *Towards Church Union, 1937-52*, by Stephen Neill (S.C.M., 6s.). . . . *Notes on the Methodist Junior Catechism*, by Norman P. Goldhawk (The Epworth Press, 6d.). . . . *The Way We have been Led* (to an Evangelical Campaign), by Colin A. Roberts (The Epworth Press, 6d.). . . . *The Prophetic Gospel, Studies in the Servant Songs*, by George W. Anderson (The Epworth Press, 1s.). . . . *Methodist Connexional Funds* (The Epworth Press, 6d.). . . . *A Talk about Forgiveness*, by James Reid (Independent Press, 6d.). . . . *The Church across the Ages*, Broadcasts, edited by Cecil Northcott (The Epworth Press, 3s. 6d.).

NOTABLE ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS

The Journal of Religion, July (University of Chicago, via Cambridge Press, \$1.75).

The Pharisees in the Light of Modern Scholarship, by Ralph Marcus.

Methodology and Value in the Natural Sciences in relation to certain Religious Concepts, by G. E. Hutchinson.

The Relationship of Philosophy, Theology and Religion, by Harold A. Durfee.

Theology Today, July (Princeton, via B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, 5s.).

Eight articles, with 'the minister and the ministry' as 'central theme,' ranging from 'Evangelism and the Salty Tang' to 'That Inner Fire' and 'Religion and Government'.

The Hibbert Journal, October (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d.).

The Creeds, by L. J. Collins.

Thinking about Immortality, by C. E. M. Joad.

Bergson's Spiritual Pilgrimage (and Testimony), by H. Hogarth.

The (scientific) Unobservables of Life, by Richard Blair.

Plotinus: Two new Books, by W. R. Inge.

The International Review of Missions, October (Oxford Press, 3s. 6d.).

Articles on the Social Work of the Church in the Rhodesian Copper Belt, British Guiana, and Cameroon.

An Experiment in the Production of Vernacular Theological Literature (to be based on English text-books written *ad hoc*), by Marcus Ward.

Notes on Visual Educational Materials, by Clifton Ackroyd.

The Expository Times, October (T. & T. Clark, 1s. 6d.).

The Last Supper (and the Jewish romance 'Joseph and Aseneth'), by G. D. Kilpatrick.

Books on the Person of Christ: *Christus Veritas*, by John Marsh.

Willingen, 1952, by John Foster.

do, November

The Marxist Interpretation of History: Is it Science?, by H. G. Wood.

The Person of Christ: Creed's Essay in *Mysterium Christi*, by J. Stewart Lawton.

The Congregational Quarterly, October (Independent Press, 4s. 6d.).

The Party Line in Theology (an analysis and assessment), by Nels F. S. Ferré.

The Difficulty of Understanding the Russians, by Christopher Mayhew.

Bernard Lord Manning: a Memoir, by (his sister) Phyllis L. Woodger.

The Arguments for God's Existence (in existential terms), by E. L. Allen.

Studies in Philology, July (University of North Carolina Press, \$1.50).

Old and New Trends in Spanish Linguistics, by Yakov Malkiel.

Shelley and Milton, by Frederick L. Jones.

New Documents in Browning's Roman Murder Case, by Beatrice Corrigan.

United Nations News, October-December (United Nations Association, 1s.).

Central African Federation, by Freda White.

Seven Years of the UN.

Rice—Hope for Asia's Millions.

Our Contributors

T. W. BEVAN

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